

Vol. XV



THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1905

No. 3.

THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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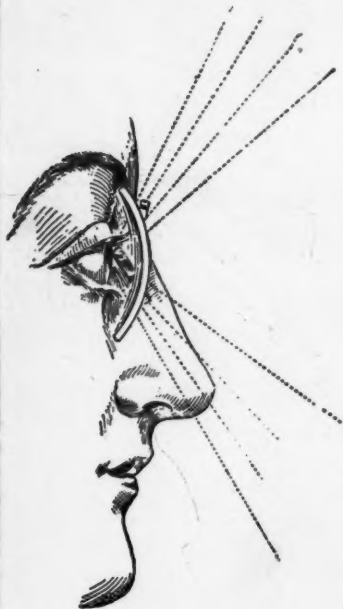
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

HAVE THE GOBBLE-UNS GOT JOE FOLK? By William Marion Reedy	1-2
REFLECTIONS: A Lottery Banker—More Reason to Pardon Boodlers—The Chevalier Sinjin—How We Dodge Our Alimony—A "Parsifal" Craze—A Gift With a String—Surgery and Publicity—Niedringhaus Vs. Kerens—Swayne's Impeachment—Our Realty Boom.....	2-5
THE MAKING OF ANARCHISTS: By William Marion Reedy.....	5-6
SONG OF A SILLY OPTIMIST.....	6
BUSCH VERSUS BRIDGE ARBITRARY: By W. M. R.....	6
BLUE JAY'S CHATTER	6-11
THE CIVIC BARD	12
STATE CAPITAL GOSSIP: By Callaway Dade.....	14 15
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: The People's U. S. Bank—Alice Blue—A Novel to Read—Kindergarten Supervisors	15-16
AT THE PLAY: By W. M. R.....	17-19
MUSIC: Choral Symphony Concert—The Kroeger Recital—Ottokar Malek—Recital at Conrath's.....	20
MAGAZINES.....	20-21
THE STOCK MARKET.....	22-23
TEMPTATION AND THE MAID: By Florence Wilkinson...	24

Have the Gobble-uns Got Joe Folk?

By William Marion Reedy

MR. WELLS' nomination by a direct primary, in which the masses of the Democratic party are strangled while a select cabal jam through a ticket fixed up in the interest of the clique, will do for the Democracy in St. Louis what the nomination of Alton B. Parker did for the Democracy of the Nation—wreck it.

Wells is one of the reorganizer Democrats. He spat upon Bryanite platforms, and when nominated before by a capitalist caucus at the Noonday Club, he was elected by money collected and contributed by James Campbell and by "Indians" supplied by Ed. Butler. The masses of the party at that time voted for Lee Meriwether for Mayor, and although Meriwether got more votes than both Wells and the Republican candidate, he was stuffed and counted out.

Mr. Wells is still an anti-Bryan man, and moreover, he is, as he was one year ago, in opposition to Folk to prevent whose nomination he subscribed with Ed Butler, James Campbell, Cella-Adler-Tilles, Sam Priest and others to a goodly fund. Mr. Wells is supported for Mayor now by the same men whom the *Republic*, now belching for Wells, denounced for the outrages by which they carried St. Louis County and the Twenty-eighth Ward against Folk, and for Mr. Hawes for Governor. The men whom the preachers denounced for ruffianism and rape of the ballot against Folk and for Hawes are now forcing Wells on the party under Mr. Hawes' leadership by methods less strenuous, but none the less effective, because fraudulent and obstructive of expression of the party's opinion.

The men who ran the Hawes campaign are running the Wells campaign. They are doing it with the consent and connivance of Joseph W. Folk, who has publicly denounced the methods which are being pursued under the Aegis of his reputation for political chastity.

Mr. Folk represents the Bryan wing of his party, yet he winks at the gagging of the people who supported him, in the interest of Wells and all the elements that have hydrophobic symptoms at the mention of Bryan's name.

The ablest defender of boodle in the State, Sam Priest, presided at the caucuses in which Wells was selected, and by his side sat Nelson W. McLeod, who is Folk's spokesman in this city. Priest, who says "bribery is a conventional offense," is hand-in-glove with Folk, the arch-foe of bribery. Corporationists and corruptionists who "stood on their constitutional rights," are now cheek-by-jowl with the prosecutor whose questions forced them to such a position to escape self-incrimination.

The capitalist class is forcing Wells to the front to establish around him a nucleus of strength by which to tear the State away for Bryan and Folk, and deliver it back into the hands of the old boodle gang over whom Folk triumphed. If Wells can win Folk will be a dead one, and the greatest city in the State

will be in the grip of those who detest and despise Bryan.

Everything that Folk stood against as a candidate for Governor is back of Wells. Everything that Folk stood for is opposed to Wells—except Folk.

Wells is a corporation man, a quasi-public-corporation man. His education and breeding, his fortune are founded on franchise wealth. All that he is and has comes from public-service corporations, and those public-service corporations have been the cause of the boodle-revel upon the exposure of which Folk became Governor and leaped into international prominence as the representative of good government. Wells and the things he represents in civics are not the things in which the people who supported Folk believed. Most of the Folk men in St. Louis are opposed to Wells, but they have been deprived of the right of urging a candidate for nomination by a primary in which a packed city committee shall be judges, clerks, counters and returning board.

Mr. Bryan, who was Folk's friend, and supported him in his *Commoner* opposed the election of Wells four years ago. Now Folk is in the Wells camp. Mr. Bryan said Mr. Hawes was the worst man the Democrats of Missouri could nominate for Governor. Now Mr. Folk is approving of the Hawes methods which are the same as when directed against Folk himself and about which he squealed like a pig under a gate. How can Mr. Folk reconcile himself to the things done for him now, when he protested lustily at their performance against him?

Mr. Folk opposed Wells' nomination, and election in 1901, and now he approves his renomination. All the enginery of Mr. Wells' administration was used to fight Folk, and all the organization Folk had in the wards of St. Louis was faked up for him by Frank Kowalski, secretary of Meriwether's campaign of 1901. Folk said that Wells and the capitalist corruptionists opposed him for Governor because they were for reorganizing the party under Parker's leadership, while he held to the faith of Bryan. That was no later than four months ago, or less, and now Folk is with the men who loathe Bryan and denounce his policies.

Wells has not recanted. Hawes, McCaffery, Tom Jenkins, Tom Kinney, the other men who perpetrated the St. Louis County and Twenty-eighth Ward outrages and are now working the fixed primary for Wells and with Folk's connivance, have not changed their characters or their methods. They stand where they stood before. They have not gone up to Folk. He has come down to them. They are "standing pat." It is he who has weakened. They are consistent. He is inconsistent, and a traitor to himself and to every high principle against which he maintained they were in unholy league. Wells is their man. He has apologized to them for not having done for them what they asked of him in the matter of spoils. He said, a week ago last Monday night, that he'd "be

a better Democrat in future." That is, he'd be more like *them*. Has he said he'd be more like Folk? No. Has he declared for a Folk principle? Nix. Are the men to whom Wells apologized the men who upheld Folk's hands against boodle? Aren't they the men who sent the city solid against Folk's nomination for Hawes and Butler? Have they reformed? Not one of them one iota. Yet Folk's *fidus Achates* McLeod is counseling with them. They are true blue to their principles, or to what Folk has called their absence of principles. It is Folk who has subdued himself to their colors and stooped to their methods.

Wells spat on the Chicago and Kansas City platform. Hawes smashed Bryan's picture in the Jefferson Club. Priest wrote a Palmer and Buckner letter. McPheeters was in the Gold Democratic committee. So was John F. Lee. So was Wells. They were irregular Democrats and they are yet.

Folk prides himself on loyalty to Bryan, yet he is semi-pledged to come down and speak for the election of Wells, who spat on Bryanism. Folk declares himself for a pure ballot. Yet he indorses the renomination of a man who was put in the Mayoralty by the most glaring fraud upon the ballot ever known. Folk says he is against corruption, yet he ties up with a caucus in which the man who defended bribery as "a conventional offense" is a leading factor.

What has become of Folk, the purist? Have the gobble-uns got him?



Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

A Lottery Banker.

BEFORE "Foxy" Lewis opens up his People's United States Bank in St. Louis county he should settle with the winners—if there are any—in his World's Fair Guessing Contest. If a man isn't level running a lottery, what mayn't he do as a banker? Lewis and his schemes need looking after.



A GREAT cartoon is that on page 259 of this week's New York Life. It's art: it's life: it's theology—a strong Lenten lecture, blessed with humor.



It's the UniTED States, after to-morrow.



More Reason to Pardon Boodlers

BOODLER KRATZ was acquitted at Butler, Mo. The evidence against him was overwhelmingly convincing to everyone—except the jurymen. The *Republic* sneers covertly at Circuit Attorney Sager's prosecution of the case, but the sneer is contemptibly cowardly. Mr. Sager presented his evidence, and all his evidence, and presented it strongly. His speech to the jury was powerful. The "honest" farmer did up the prosecutor. The "honest" farmer was too "honest" to believe the boodle story when the money, \$60,000, was counted under his nose. Such honesty is apt to strike in on the farmer some day and cause him great physical distress, though it may possibly have, at times, a tendency to relieve great financial distress. Mr. Sager lost the case, but his loss is no greater than that of Folk in the case against Butler at Columbia, and Columbia is an Athens, where Butler is a Boetia of Missouri. Mr. Sager tried his case at a time when the boodle excitement had dwined,

and at a place far removed from the center of the reform fever. There was no publicity glamour upon Mr. Sager. The newspapers were not helping him out with advanced sensational working up of the town and county wherein the trial was to occur. The trial was not worked up like a play for theatrical effects, and the magic glaciality of Folk was a missing factor in the *mise-en-scene*. Kratz was in court, worn, weak, ill, just off the operating table, a piteous wretch. An important witness for the State was missing and the testimony given by the State's witnesses was not what the State thought it would be. All this fitted in with the excruciating "honesty" of the farmer, an honesty, which I have no doubt, had long been assiduously cultivated by missionaries from this city in violently rural guise. The honesty of the ruralists at Butler was such that they couldn't believe a tale that every other person in the United States believed. Against such invincible honesty naught could prevail, and Kratz went free. Also he "came clean," as the saying is. He has nothing left, not even his vermiform appendix, not even his health. What the doctors didn't get the lawyers took. And taking all in all, Mr. Kratz is not wholly to be congratulated. He has suffered. He has paid the price in every medium that man can pay, and so Justice is not defeated after all. But now that Kratz, who had money, has gone free, and all the other big boodlers who had money have gone free, if I were Folk I would pardon the smaller poor devils whom I had sent to prison, as a sort of protest against the potency of money in the courts, for it cannot be wholly accident that all the moneyed men get off and only the poor go up the road. Mr. Folk is now giving things to men who helped make him governor. There are seven men in the penitentiary who helped him much. He should give them their freedom, and if he did so there would not be ten voices worth heeding upraised in protest against the action, in the whole State of Missouri. A pardon of the small boodlers, seeing the great ones can't be convicted, would proclaim Folk a truly big man.



ROLLA WELLS never was elected Mayor of St. Louis. And he never will be. He now holds Lee Meriwether's job.



CHARLIE HAUGHTON and Jim Smith, the prize fight grafters, recognized by Wells in the appointment of Smith as Building Commissioner, are for four years more of Wells.



DAVID R. FRANCIS is a Wells boomer, because David has tracts of property to be enhanced in value by Wells' scheme of improvements.



JOE WHYTE is for Wells because Wells' election means four years more of the bituminous macadam graft and rotten street paving like that on Chestnut street and West Pine boulevard.



The Chevalier Sinjin

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has decided to appoint Thomas St. John Gaffney, of New York, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and descendant of forty-four Irish kings, United States Consul General at Dresden. What a splendid chance for a case of a bull—Irish, of course, and therefore, harmless—in a china shop. Chevalier Gaffney is a great viveur. He lives on the Riverside Drive in New York, and he speaks with an Irish *patois* that is evocative of the smell of peat smoke and the music of the meeting of the waters in the Vale of Avoca. He is also a

sweet singer, his specialty being the "Marseillaise" at about 13 o'clock a. m. For long he has been the chief booster of Mr. Roosevelt among the Irish and the Catholics in New York, and it was he who swung James Jeffrey Roche of the Boston *Pilot*, and John Jerome Rooney, the Milesian magnate and millionaire of Beaver street and Brooklyn into eloquent advocacy of the election of the man, who, having not been fortunate enough to live early enough to take the life of Oliver Cromwell, did the next best thing, and sat down and wrote it. Chevalier Gaffney is an exquisite with the great gift of spreading the salve, and it is said that he crowned all his other achievements by mitigating somewhat the asperities and acridities of the comments of Michael Monahan of Somerville, N. J., in his piquant and potent *Papyrus* upon the hero of San Juan and the sage of Oyster Bay. Chevalier Gaffney will shine at Dresden socially, for not only does he wear with singular grace and felicity his forty-seven different sorts of clothes, but he is happy in having for wife the lady, Mrs. Fannie Humphreys Gaffney, who has been conspicuous and beloved in high station in the Women's Federation of Clubs, and in having also a charming step-daughter in Miss Jayta Humphreys, quite an heiress in her own right. Miss Humphreys' odd given name was given her in honor of her uncle, the late Jay Cooke, whom Gen. Grant declared to have done more than any other one man to save the nation in the dark hours of defeat and lack of funds in the Civil War. The Chevalier was decorated by President Loubet of France for his services in the entertainment of the Rochambeau party on its visit to this country. He and his wife are well known all over Europe, and especially in St. Petersburg, Paris and Rome. In the latter city they are favorites in "Black" society, and the Chevalier is quite chummy with the Papal Secretary, Merry del Val, and many of the more prominent cardinals. The Chevalier is known in St. Louis, where he has on several occasions, visited the R. C. Kerenss. That he is, and has been, always a warm friend of Mr. Kerens, makes his appointment to such a nice place by the President all the more a remarkable testimony to his inimitable personal charm. Though with a certain *faineant* tendency, Chevalier "Sinjin" is a man of fine parts, and he is one of the men who have made the New York *Sun* what it is. He has written more letters to the *Sun* than any other living man upon all sorts of subjects, and has been chiefly instrumental in keeping alive for years that paper's flaming Anglophobia. I live hereafter in the hope that some day it will be my fortune to sit in some Dresden cafe and hear the Chevalier Sinjin Gaffney speak German with his most entrancing Irish brogue. But when the President honors "Sinjin," does he not endanger and imperil the Anglo-American *entente cordiale*, separate hands-across-the-sea and all that? The Chevalier is the foe of Britain, and if he can once get the ear of William Hohenzollern, we may as well look out for a declaration of war that will show the German Emperor has not yet abandoned the sentiments he uttered in congratulating Oom Paul Kruger upon checking the Jamison Raid.



FESTUS J. WADE and Walker Hill want Wells for Mayor because Wells takes his hat off every time he passes a bank and genuflects when he meets a banker.



THE postal authorities can easily ascertain the business record of E. G. Lewis, the wizard of finance who is flooding the country with "bait" for his People's United States Bank and the evolution of that scheme from his former enterprises may be clearly

traced. If the postal authorities regard Lewis' literary dope as legal and permissible mail matter, one wonders why they exclude green goods circulars from the mails.

♦♦

DR. OSLER'S theory that men over sixty years of age should be chloroformed will be indorsed in the Wells platform for the city election. The Mayor and Mr. Hawes will volunteer to hold the sponge to the nostrils of the two redoubtable colonels, Edward Butler and William H. Swift.

♦♦

WELLS is the choice for Mayor of all the special private interests that need protection from taxation.

♦♦

TOM JENKINS wants Wells because he and Harry Hawes and "Jim" McCaffery and Horace Rumsey *et al* are in a construction company that may get contracts out of the \$9,000,000 bond issue.

♦♦

THE New York *Sun* is clamoring to Congress to increase the President's salary to \$100,000 before inauguration day, and at the same time it is rapping him severely for usurpation of legislative functions of government. The *Sun's* friendship for President Roosevelt doth protest so much that its enthusiasm is suspect of containing an element of the sardonic and ironic. *Timeo Danaos.*

♦♦

DELAWARE is rid of her Addicks as a Senatorial aspirant, but Missouri still has her unspeakable Kerens.

♦♦

May We Dodge Our Alimony?

A couple of weeks ago I touched upon the etiquette and ethics of the problem in Gotham's high society whether a man who married a divorced woman should pay the expense of securing the divorce. Now I am confronted with another problem—this time from Boston. It seems that one John F. Crane, prominent in the oil trade in the Hub, has been indicted on a charge of perjury by the Grand Jury. Crane's alleged perjury was committed in his testimony at a hearing upon his wife's petition for alimony following his own filing of a libel for divorce. He testified that from November 23, when he filed his libel, he had received no income from the firm of L. M. Crane & Co. On cross-examination it appeared that he had received a considerable amount from this firm under a fictitious name. In explanation, Crane said he meant he did not receive money in his own name, and that he did not feel obliged to volunteer the information that he had received it under an assumed name. It appears that Mr. Crane's action is no new thing in the socially advanced East, for I read in some social chronicle which I cannot now identify that it is estimated that in New York City there are ten thousand men paying alimony and more than that many dodging it by devices more or less ingenious and reprehensible than the one alleged against Mr. Crane of Boston. For every man that pays alimony, says my authority, there are fifty who evade payment, and when we consider that the alimony debtor who considers his obligation sacred is a *rara avis* we may well agree that public sentiment against the alimony dodger should be more clearly defined. Alimony is not, however, as the authority I quote maintains, "a debt of honor." "A debt of honor" is one which a man cannot collect by process of law and one the security for which is only the debtor's own character and good faith. But this may be a little too strictly legal. It certainly is dishonorable in any man, however his associates may regard him, to deliberately defraud his ex-wife out of

money to which she is entitled. If the man who defrauds a woman is a cad, cries our social and moral mentor, how should we characterize the one who dodges his obligation to contribute to the support of the woman who was once his wife? In some circumstances the man may feel that he is justified in abandoning the wife by whom he has been wronged, but surely there is no justification for the defrauding of the wife against whom the husband has sinned. It is not always, we are informed, the aggrieved husband who dodges the alimony order. On the contrary, it is usually the husband who has made domestic happiness impossible who evades both the moral and legal obligation after the divorce. And we have yet to hear of such a cad being expelled from a club. And yet the payment of alimony is no unmitigated pleasure to a man the most honorable. Suppose a man who has been assessed alimony marries another. Can he pay it openly without injury to the feelings of his new spouse? Could he consistently hide the fact that he pays it from the second or third or fourth, as the case may be? If a man marries after divorce has not the new wife a claim upon his money? And should a man continue to pay alimony, as an obligation of honor, to the woman divorced from him who has married again? These be questions of modern metaphysics which would "rattle" Duns Scotus or the Admirable Aquinas himself. It is a question, too, that cannot be avoided on the theory that it relates only to the wealthy. It is a question close to the common people, for divorce has come down to be a privilege and even a necessity of the poor instead of a luxury of the rich, and while a man of wealth may square all alimony claims by paying a lump sum, the poor man, who is entitled to his own divorce divertissement, has to pay it in dribs and drabs by the month or even the week. I hope that the wise men of the land will thresh out this great issue for us and ease our minds by formulating a binding and convincing conclusion. If they do not, we may become as immoral about our alimony as we are about excuses for escaping jury-service, and may think no more of swearing it off or dodging it than we do of lying to the tax-assessor.

♦♦

WELLS once drove a street car—to break a strike.

♦♦

ED BUTLER would stand Wells for Mayor, but he doesn't want Hawes as Wells' boss.

♦♦

THE Democratic City Committee won't let the people have a show at the primary and they will count Wells in as the nominee after scaring off all other possible candidates.

♦♦

WELLS scattered the soiled doves of Chestnut street all over the city to transform that thoroughfare into a coon boulevard, with a pavement of the consistency of dry corn-meal.

♦♦

A "Parsifal" Craze

WE are, in all probability, in for a "Parsifal" craze in St. Louis. And anyone who tries to read the book or the poem as it is translated by George Turner Phelps in the Badger edition of the text for the score may plead that fact in extenuation of any eccentricity or erraticism, for it is Ollendorf dizzily drunk. We shall probably be afflicted with discussion of the problem whether the poem or opera is immoral. It probably is, to those who can understand it. *Parsifal* is a "fool," apparently, because he is "a male virgin." He attains to perfection, or, as the man in the street might say, "gets wise" through commerce with *Kundry*. Still, as all music, in so far as it is the most

deeply sensuous of the arts, is immoral, the charge of immorality against "Parsifal" will not lie heavy upon the souls of art-lovers. There are many who see in the great music drama only the highest purity—virtue rewarded with a glimpse of the Holy Grail. There are others to whom "Parsifal" will be a tremendous bore, but to see and hear it will be "the proper thing." Still, the "Parsifal" Wagnerism will be a welcome diversion after "Simple Life" Wagnerism, and, probably, music in St. Louis will take on a "boom" which it very much needs in St. Louis, according to my confrere, "Pierre Marteau."

♦♦

WELLS let the World's Fair crowd walk all over him during the past four years. They want him for a mat for four years more.

♦♦

ROLLA WELLS is a clever fellow to the capitalist element. He's against vulgar graft by poor men, but he worships the robber who robs under corporation privilege obtained by bribing the vulgar grafter.

♦♦

TONY STUEVER, the Home brewer and chief wine-room boss, is in the scheme to elect Wells over his party's head.

♦♦

A Gift With a String

JOSEPH PULITZER'S College of Journalism has been dropped. He couldn't agree to turn over the \$2,000,000 to a Board of Management who wouldn't let him boss it. So he pulls the string attached to the money, and his great philanthropy becomes a false alarm. And yet Mr. Pulitzer's papers ballyrag John D. Rockefeller for insisting that professors in his pet Standard Oil University shall not preach doctrines which, in effect, proclaim him, the provider of their salaries, as a thief and a pirate. Mr. Pulitzer is a great journalist. But he is also a millionaire with the vices of his class. He is in favor of all sorts of progress that do not touch or imperil his own millions invested in most of the iniquities against which he thunders. Mr. Pulitzer has pulled down his money quietly, after putting it up ostentatiously. It looks like a particularly small trick upon the part of a big man—but maybe he needed the money and didn't want it used to push his own methods to their ultimate logic.

♦♦

PAT CLIFFORD wants Wells for Mayor, so he can send property-owners to list their real estate in Joe Whyte's agency, which will sell it to the Board of Public Improvements, of which Whyte is a member, at two and one-half times its value or that of other property not offered through Whyte's agency for the same purpose.

♦♦

WELLS is straight, but so is a stick.

♦♦

THE men who stuffed Wells into office when he was the lowest of three candidates, in 1901, are preparing to repeat the trick in 1905. Hawes has intimated to them that Folk, who yowls for pure elections, will stand for it.

♦♦

THERE'S a David R. Francis Senatorial boom in ambush up at Jefferson City, and it may come into the open as soon as Senator Cockrell is provided for by President Roosevelt. This may seem to be a far-fetched statement just now, but time will tell. There's a good chance for a Democrat, and it grows better as Niedringhaus and Kerens grow bitterer in their determination to destroy one another. Both Republican factions are keeping an eye on the Democrats, but the Kerens crowd are looking for a Democrat

THE MIRROR

who would represent the interests. Francis would appear to fill the bill, and the five or six votes Cockrell needs to be elected might be easily obtained under certain circumstances which could readily be framed up for D. R. F.

❖❖

ALL the policy games are opening up in various parts of the town. The darkies are being despoiled of their dimes as of old. Where is the gambling squad?

❖❖

It may be necessary to re-elect Lee Meriwether Mayor of St. Louis. Rolla Wells have been drawing salary that belonged to Meriwether for four years.

❖

Surgery and Publicity

AN article in the March *McClure's* mentions the names of a great many famous American surgeons, but omits one, the name of a distinguished St. Louisian, Dr. A. C. Bernays—a daring, dextrous, swift and successful operator who has a reputation in Europe among men of his profession, greater than he has at home. But aside from his splendid performances in surgery, Dr. Bernays deserves widespread celebrity for the fight he has made, at great cost to himself professionally, against the silliness of that part of the code of ethics which frowns down publicity regarding great operations. Dr. Bernays has been persecuted and humiliated and vilified for his position upon this point, but the day of the triumph of his idea is here, and the *McClure* writer's article contains towards the close the St. Louis surgeon's vindication. The thing for which Dr Bernays has fought for 25 years, is embodied in the paragraph which the writer of the article under discussion quotes as embodying the view of great operators, like Murphy of Chicago, Keen of Philadelphia, Kelly of Baltimore, and Richardson of Boston. "It is an axiom of surgical practice," he says, "that the earlier the case is taken the better the chance of success. It follows that, if we can educate the public in the matter of the common surgical ailments, our patients will come to us more promptly, and we can get better results. Besides, with the mystery dissipated, the terror of operations will be greatly diminished. Take a very common case: appendicitis. I venture to say that the majority of persons believe the operation for appendicitis a very dangerous one. In point of fact, the mortality is less than in diseases which are not feared at all; measles, for instance, or whooping-cough. Could we implant that fact in the public mind and get all our appendicitis cases early, instead of at the last development, as many of them now come to us, we could reduce the present low mortality by half. The policy of silence is a relic. It was made for the days when a physician who talked exposed his ignorance. Surgery is no longer empirical; we know what we are doing and we can afford to tell it." Dr. Bernays, for using that argument, was for years tabooed, but the taboo made him not less one of America's greatest operators, one of the highest ranking surgeons of the world.

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ZACK LIONBERGER, who swears off the annual taxes for the Gas Trust in this city, is a Wells howler.

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THE *Republic* favors legislation that will shut up places like Delmar Garden and Forest Park Highlands on Sundays. That's how mad the old lady is over the prospect of defeat of the gamblers in their effort to save the Breeders' Law. The scheme won't work. The brewers and saloon men and personal

liberty people are not to be forced into using their influence to save the gambling game. The gamblers want to hold their votes as a threat over the brewers to get the brewers' vote against the breaking of the State's partnership in a gambling game. The *Republic* is getting crazy, since it has been edited in the interest of Harry Hawes and the CAT.

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ALL the crap-shooters are for Wells for Mayor because their patron, the CAT, is for him through its attorney and political representative, Mr. Hawes.

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HAMMER, the best tax collector the city ever had, has been rolled because he wouldn't let Stuever name his appointees and wouldn't guarantee Hawes' law firm the attorneyship.

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Niedringhaus vs. Kerens

MISSOURI Republicans have made asses of themselves on the Senatorship long enough. They should elect Mr. Niedringhaus the choice in the caucus of a majority of members of Senate and House. The failure to give him the majority on joint ballot is a flimsy and foolish quibble. If Niedringhaus is elected Senator the party may hold control of the State. If he is turned down the party will lose the State again. The only way the party can hold the State is by maintaining party organization, and that is represented by Mr. Niedringhaus, the Senatorial choice of the party caucus. In the result of the caucus the party spoke. Those who flopped when the joint ballot was taken violated their party fealty and broke their personal pledges. No party should be ruined by "welchers." The "welchers" themselves can hope for nothing in the future unless they turn from their error. They stand on no moral principle, the violation of which might justify their withholding of loyalty to party. In fact, they are fighting against their party's prospects in the State, against their party's chosen leader, President Roosevelt, and against those policies of his which have the indorsement of all parties, as being in the interest of all the people opposed to the interests of the privileged classes which Mr. Kerens represents. The Jefferson City "welchers" are fighting for the railroads and the trusts and all the gigantic business grafters. Kerens is anti-Roosevelt. Roosevelt is against "the criminal rich." Therefore those who support Kerens to the extent of keeping an upholder of Roosevelt out of the Senate, are fighting the battles of the "criminal rich" against "the square deal," against the return of our government to the principle of providing equality of opportunity under the law. Niedringhaus stands for Roosevelt. Roosevelt stands for the abolition of special privileges which create an aristocracy. Kerens stands for all that Roosevelt is against. Kerens represents oligarchy in government. Niedringhaus represents the fundamental principle of democracy and republicanism, and, in fact, all parties—true Americanism—equal rights to all, special favors to none. There are signs that a break is coming. When it comes, if it does come, let the Senator be a Roosevelt man.

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CHARLES H. HUTTIG is for Wells for Mayor because Pierpont Morgan and Beef Trust Armour are controlling factors in his Third National Bank and they look to Wells for favors for their local interests.

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LOUIS CELLA, head of the racing syndicate, left St. Louis for Italy the evening of the day the discovery was made that the substitute bill for the repeal of

the Breeders' Law had been stolen. Coincidences will happen in the best regulated schemes to obstruct reform legislation.

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SCRATCH a Wells man and you'll find him to be a beneficiary of the capitalistic, tax-evading special interests every time.

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THE crap games are again running full tilt, and the keepers are all proteges of the Cella-Adler-Tilles syndicate. What has become of the gambling squad?

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Swayne's Impeachment

JUDGE SWAYNE's trial for high crimes and misdemeanors has resulted in acquittal. There was no ground for such a trial, although Swayne was guilty of many things that were unbecoming in a Justice of the Federal Court. His actions were not high crimes in any sense, and while he may have charged up mileage to the government when he rode on passes or in private cars on roads which were in the hands of United States receivers, he was not proved guilty of the sale of justice, and he did not violate the constitution of the United States. Judge Swayne's venality, if any, was venial, and there was more than a suspicion of political persecution back of the endeavor to impeach him. It is understood that he will resign his office. The Senate proceeded carefully, and the vote of not guilty on the charges of immorality, imbecility, maladministration, malfeasance and malfeasance was by such a large majority, that it is plain the Senate had strong warrant for its course after sifting the evidence. Swayne appears to have been weak, rather than wicked, and the predominant opinion in the Senate was that the impeachment proceedings should never have been brought against him, under the law, as it has come down to us from English precedence.

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NELSON W. MCLEOD, of the Lumber Trust, and Folk's friend, is plugging for Wells for Mayor, though Wells contributed to the Butler-Hawes fund to beat Folk, a year ago.

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TOM KINNEY of the Fourth Ward is for Wells, and he's worth all the rest, for he is the man who can guarantee the majority—if the Election Board is "right."

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MR. PAUL MORTON should get out of the Cabinet. When his personal record and position are contrasted with the announced purposes of the President, Mr. Morton is seen to be an anachronism and wholly preposterous.

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WELLS has promised to be better to the boys who put him in next time than he was last time. This means letting down the bars against graft.

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CHARLES W. KNAPP of the *Republic* wants Wells for Mayor because Wells is an incarnate *Republic* editorial, stodgy and dull.

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BILLY FLYNN and Frank Klaiber want Wells for Mayor, so they can continue to monopolize the carting graft in the street department.

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Our Realty Boom.

THERE'S a big real estate boom on in St. Louis. It is a good thing. It is significant, too. Real estate booms usually indicate the coming of a period of business caution. People become wary of the business venture which offers better profit, but is ham-

pered with chances. Real estate is safe, and when it's yours every other person in the community works to increase its value. It works while you sleep. When the big business men begin buying up real estate, they see a slump coming in other values, and they hark back to the land, back so to speak to ultimate value, since all property traces back to the soil and all wealth to the labor man puts into the soil. Real estate booms are almost invariably the precursors of periods of depression. They follow times of crazy speculation. They are a sort of instinctive turning to the universal mother. Property in land is the most sacred property because it is the basis of property, and its value is the result of the effort of all in its vicinity. The land is safe, because the people, and all their activities upon and about it make it an asset. It is stable when all other property fluctuates. Wherefore it is that the land should bear the burden of taxation, seeing it is common property, and the holder owes the commonalty compensation for taking it to private use, and for the commonalty's contribution to its value. Private property in land is, by some, held to be sinful, and they cry out with Isaiah, "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth," but the ownership is not sin if the ownership be held in recognition of the right of the people in all land, and that recognition is shown in pay to the public for its use, in taxes. Real estate booms bring home to the people the truth that underlies the Single Tax theory. When wealth turns from speculation in bonds and stocks to land it confesses the truth of social value in land. This city's real estate boom is significant, too, because it comes just at a time when the community proposes a heavier tax upon land. Despite taxation land value is the surest value and land property is the safest property. When wealth turns from playing with the usual paper counters and fiat values, we may look for a financial pinch, and that is what wealth is doing now in anticipative dread of the general uprising headed by President Roosevelt against the tactics of wealth in creating values by exploiting the people and their possessions. Plutus is timid. And he flies for protection to the people whom he robs under forms of law. He puts his wealth in land because the land is given value by all which it inherit.

H. SAM PRIEST, lobbyist of the United Railways and proclaimer that "bribery is only a conventional offense," is one of the men who forced Wells to run again for Mayor.

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MAYOR WELLS told the City Committee the other evening that if elected again—but why "again," since he never was elected?—he would be a better Democrat. This means, if anything, that he will be a worse official.

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W. K. KAVANAUGH told the City Committee that Wells is the man for Mayor. Mr. Kavanaugh represents the Terminal cinch.

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CELLA-ADLER-TILLES, the Gambling Syndicate, want Wells for Mayor. Their attorney, Mr. Harry B. Hawes, is Wells' chief booster.

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WELLS wouldn't put out of office efficient Republicans to please those who stuffed him in, but he has promised the gang to do better by them next time. That's a "progressive Mayor" for you.

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FOUR years more of Wells will be "a picnic" for the street railway, gas, electric light, trust company, realty speculating, swell club combination, with Handsome Harry Hawes as "the man higher up."

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THOMAS S. MCPHEETERS, the city's greatest blue law fanatic, is rampantly for the nomination and election of Wells.

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GEORGE J. TANSEY, president of the St. Louis Transfer Company, a branch of the Terminal cinch, is one of those who are forcing Wells down the party's throat.

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ROLLA WELLS is honest. But all the forces of civic corruption are forcing his candidacy upon a party that doesn't want him, upon his promise to be better to the boys if they stuff him in as they did before.

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WELLS is square, but there are crooks, great and small, all round him. He's a class official, the friend of the exploiters of the people and the users of the public's property.

may say that when the business man asperses him it is only a case of the pot calling the kettle black. The country men are viler in their treachery and venality than the city men. "Decency" in politics is positively obscene. And the reading of the testimony is doing what? Making anarchists!

And the real, true thinking men of this country, whether millionaires, professional men or laborers, are anarchists at heart. If on any one day the newspapers of the United States should print what their editors and leading writers actually think of men and affairs in this country, there would be a revolution of the most cataclysmic character within 12 hours. The people "deepest in the know" are the worst anarchists, because they know and don't care. The real anarchists are not the ignorant mass, but the wise, the men who live near and by and upon the evils that they maintain, but which they hate. The country is not told the truth by the people who speak to it, and when one does break forth and lift the veil a little, all the men who cry out upon him, "lunatic," "fakir," "ass" and "fanatic," are at the same time in secret sympathy with him. There is not, I venture to say, in the United States a truly brainful man who isn't more or less anarchistic, if he isn't a believer in the right of might. This being the case, we may understand why it is that so many such people reprehend all exposures of wrong-doing in high places and all illumination of the prevalent predatoriness and immorality of our society as constituted. Most of them are honest, but they are afraid of the consequences of popular knowledge of the lies behind all our fair-seeming institutions and fine-sounding professions and proclamations.

The chief upholders of the present system are those who least believe in its rightfulness. It is safe to assert that there is as much anarchy in the intellectuals of those who edit and write for the plutocratic *Nw York Evening Sun* or *New York Evening Post* as there is in the *Appeal to Reason*, the *Chicago Public* or Mr. James D. Barry's *San Francisco Star*. The average corporation lawyer is a rank "red" when he's off watch. Nine college professors out of ten, yes, ninety-nine out of a hundred, are Socialists and worse, although they try to conceal the fact, and the worst despiser and contemner of the system "in the whole bunch" is the "Napoleon of Finance" himself, who has little or no faith in man, either in the individual or in the mass. The most virulent supporter of things as they are is "the little brother of the rich," the corporation petty parasite, the small property owner, the class so hated by the revolutionaries of Europe, the *bourgeoisie*, the man who in America prides himself upon voting the way the big interests feel upon public questions. This statement will be affirmed to the ordinary inquirer by any man in any community who is remotely suspected of thinking with the head rather than with his appetites or his passions, and this general anarchism of the people who really think is only increased and intensified by the publicity given the facts brought out in legislative investigations in any State or city of the Union, to say nothing of the inquiries into affairs of the National Government. Faith in men and in institutions is least strong in men who profess to hold to it most tenaciously. They are all hoping against hope that the people will stay blind. They are all opposed to popular illumination—lest it mean barricades, carnagones and noyades. That is why investigations are choked off—because they make anarchists, and, too, because if the thinkers are right, almost everything for which they lift their voices hypocritically is wrong and reform means in-

The Making of Anarchists

By William Marion Reedy

They covet fields and take them by violence, and houses and take them away.—MICAH II. 2.

THE Senate and House investigations of political contributions and maneuvering in this State have been brought to an end, much to the relief of a public overfed on the details of practical politics. They prove only that politicians of all parties are engaged chiefly in grabbing all the money that is in sight, in lying to, double-crossing, whip-sawing and betraying one another, in sucking eggs and hiding the shells, in shaking down and holding up corporations, and in playing the public for suckers. They are all confidence men of the first water. And the virtuous McLeod and the pietistic Folk were in with all the dirty double dealing, while Reformer Lewis of Washington avenue skipped town to avoid testify-

ing. The whole political game is rotten, and the reform end of it as rotten as the rest. Boodle institutions subscribed to all parties and factions, even for Folk. Politics is a business with throat-cutting, pocket-picking and blackmail for its most conspicuous features. All those in the game are united upon but one purpose—plucking the public. And the new and "decent" recruits to the business are the most disgustingly and deceitfully dirty. If the Senate and House Committees dig for six months they are not likely to get to the bottom of the great deposit of filth in St. Louis and Missouri politics. The business men, when they erupt into politics, are worse than the slum bums, although there is more than a sufficiency of lying and throat-cutting and boodling in the great business concerns, until the politician well

convenience and suffering to so many who profit by the *status quo*.

By all recent revelations, by Folk, by Jerome, by Brewster in the postal department, by Lawson on Standard Oil, by Russell on the Beef Trust, by the confessions of Morton and Ripley of the Santa Fe as to rate rebates, by Miss Tarbell's history, by the Shipbuilding exposure, by the get-rich-quick scandals, by the indictment of United States Senators for graft, by the uncovered corruption in Philadelphia, Grand Rapids, Minneapolis, Pittsburg, by the bribery of legislators in California, by the alum scandal in Missouri, by the indictment of the president of the Lumber Trust in Texas, by the Chadwickian school of high finance and the Blair forgeries in St. Louis, by Embalmed Beef in the Spanish War, by grafting Labor and grafting and grabbing Capital, by the swindle in Steel, by the suspicion of a scheme to loot insurance funds, by the universal outcropping of the symptoms of money-lust—by all these things touching all phases of politics, business, society, are anarchists being made every day.

And Theodore Roosevelt is the man for the time, in that he has the sense and the high courage to come out of the shackles of conventional conservatism and meet the rising tide of revolt with concessions to the saner demands of the elements that clamor for a reduction of the distorted conditions of society to something like an approximation of justice for the many as against privileged arrogance for the few. The world is not for the strong, the smart, the cunning, the corrupt, the cultured, but for the great masses of men who hold to the truths of a creed embodied in the Son of a God who is "a God of the poor." Privilege had better surrender before the rational progressiveness of Roosevelt, for if he and the movement he incarnates be thwarted, there is a worse than he to come.

"What," asked the Abbe Lammenais, "has God given to one that He has not given to another? Has the common Father of all cast out some of His children? You who claim the exclusive enjoyment of His gifts, show the testament which disinherits your brother!"

Song of a Silly Optimist

I'M just a silly Optimist with cheerfulness galore,
For I'm tired of hearing people say that everything's a bore,
I'm tired of melancholy moans, and so I point with pride
To the awe-inspiring axiom that I am satisfied.

If there's anything I love to eat, it's Food,
If there's anything I love to wear, it's Clothes,
And in times of relaxation
I have proved by demonstration
That there's nothing quite so restful as repose.

Let Isben, Tolstoi, Schopenhauer depict our life as dark,
But I cannot help believing that existence is a lark,
That all the crimes and meannesses that in this world are done
Are committed in a spirit of exuberance and fun.

And there's nothing that I love to talk like Words,
And there's nothing that I love to sing like Songs;
So I find a life employment
In the pleasures of enjoyment,
Placing Sadness in the sphere where it belongs.

—Wallace Irwin, in *Life*.

Busch Versus Bridge Arbitrary

By W. M. R.

WE'VE heard a lot about the bridge arbitrary embargo upon the city's commerce. Much complaint, no remedy, but piteous appeals to those who levy the tax to lift the embargo. The appeals are fruitless.

Now we have offered us a chance to smash the terminal restraint upon our trade. Competition with the terminal is proposed. Loaded freight cars will be transported over the river and switched for less than the Terminal charges, and empties will be carried free.

Adolphus Busch, our first citizen in many respects, purposes establishing competition against the Terminal by building the Manufacturers' Railway, along Second, from Potomac to Poplar streets, establishing a ferry or erecting a bridge over the river, constructing miles of terminals and connections with other tracks on both sides of the river. He will put this concern at the service of his fellow citizens at reasonable rates, undercutting the Terminal charges and providing conveniences for quicker handling of freight than we have been accustomed to.

This is what the city and its leading business spirits have cried for for years. It is what most people think the first thing necessary to a New and Greater St. Louis.

There is, I understand, opposition to this bill in the Municipal Assembly. Such opposition is *treason to the city*. It is fostered to further the scheme of the Iron Mountain road, a member of the Terminal Association, to *steal* the Busch idea of relief and per-

vert it to the end of blocking the Busch route, gobbling up the only free way for passage of goods, and giving the Terminal cinch complete control of transportation traffic, a deadlier grip upon switching facilities. If the Busch, or Manufacturers' Railway bill should be beaten, the Terminal monopoly will be unbreakable.

Mr. Busch's plan contemplates the unshackling of St. Louis trade. All the people are to be beneficiaries of his plan. His project is one for the public benefit as well as his own. His idea adds value to property that was dead in the region his road will traverse. Property-owning objectors only want to sell out to him at larcenous advances in price. They want to hold him up, when it is he who benefits them. Mr. Busch shouldn't be plucked and punished for evolving a scheme to make business blossom in what has been a desert for thirty years and more.

This Municipal Assembly will soon die. Nothing would so become its life as the leaving of it, if the body would pass Mr. Busch's Manufacturers' Railway bill for the relief of St. Louis trade and commerce.

Give a St. Louisan a chance to do something for the emancipation of his city and his fellow-citizens from serfdom to the bridge and terminal monopoly. Don't rob him of his idea, and give it to the common enemy as another giant gyve upon the city's hands and feet to fetter it into inescapable vassalage to the Terminal Trust.

Blue Jay's Chatter

My Dear Jenny Wren:

THEY were in the hot room in the Belcher bath last Thursday, clad in sheets and profuse perspiration. One of them had a beautiful complexion and blonde hair. The other had a wealth of brown hair, beautiful eyes that up-roll fetchingly, and a face reminding me of the poem:

*Lovely Maude Adams, Dame Nature so wise
Has blessed with a pair of most glorious eyes;
But the space is so small 'twixt her forehead and chin
That the rest of her features can hardly get in.*

They both weighed the same, 168 pounds. They were talking society, one of them, by the way, dropping her Balzac novel—isn't that appropriate; Balzac in a hot-room?—and they agreed that they thought it really awful the way Florence Kelley was exploited, solely because she was Mrs. Don Morrison's granddaughter. "Why, she's been treated like a queen," said one. "Yes," said the other, "and they tell me she pronounces 'girl' 'goil.'" To which the other replied that that was all right, as it was an importation from England, and, besides, the word oughtn't to be pronounced "as if it had a bubble between the first and second syllable." Then they talked of Mrs. Chouteau Scott and her terrible auto-

mobiling, and Gene Handlan's love affairs, and finally of "Blue Jay." One of 'em said, "I think William Marion Reedy's 'Blue Jay.'" To which the other replied: "Ugh. Don't give him three names. Call him Billy. He write those things! Why, he can't get within a thousand miles of people in the real swell set. Him? Ugh."

And then they talked about Wallace Capen's latest marriage,—not, if we are to judge by the past, his last, by any means. Wallace married a girl named Ursie McClary in Little Rock, and no one, not even his mother, knows anything about it. It's not so long since he was divorced from the swift and swishing woman with a stable of horses, to whom he was married after he had divorced poor, pretty, impetuous Florence Lucas. He eloped with Florence, you know, and then he made the most awful charges against her and the young man who was similarly accused in the Harlowe Spencer divorce case. I don't want to discuss those things, however. All I want to say is that I'm sorry for the new Mrs. Capen. For why? Because I don't think it at all likely that a man can marry two women and then break off with them and the women be in the wrong both times. I think those men who are so ready to seek divorce at the expense of the reputations of the women they quit

must be in the wrong. People who fall out with everybody must have a flaw somewhere, because everybody can't be wrong all the time and any one person always in the right. Florence Lucas was spirited and snappy and all that, but she's happy and a model wife to the man with whom Capen coupled her name in his vulgar divorce allegations, and so, too, I understand is her sister Marie, who found an affinity even while she was Mrs. Roger Scudder, but there's no comparing the manly way in which Scudder took his medicine with that in which Capen advertised his miss in the lottery. Still, Wallace isn't bad. He simply doesn't know, that's all. But those ladies of 168 pounds each seemed to know all about it and to be able to tell to a *denarius* just how much a certain buxom matron allowed her husband per month out of her money and just how many letters of his she found in his desk when he went away to Chicago to meet the writer thereof. They talked such a batch of scandal that a little woman with a high English voice was positively shocked, as she told me when they went out. One of them is one of the best known women in the city, and as she drove up Olive street later in the day I saw her stop and hold merry converse with a dapper chap in front of Barr's, and later I saw her having a salad at McTague's with her husband. The other 168 pounder I met that same afternoon at Cory's modiste atelier trying on a gown of "Alice blue." My dear Jane, don't talk to strange ladies in Turkish baths, even if they have lovely complexions and read Balzac *tout noue* and profess to be able to tell you all about the most esoteric *menage* of this or that *grande dame's* household on Lindell boulevard. When she tells you confidentially that there's a big divorce brewing in the World's Fair bunch, don't believe her, absolutely. I've been hearing of this big domestic explosion for six months at least, and it doesn't come off.

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Isn't it too bad that we can't have a Mayor elected every month? Then all the ladies who'd like to be Lady Mayoress would have a chance. I'm quite grieved, you know, that Mr. John Schroers can't make the race. His wife thinks if he had he'd have harmonized the party and won in a walk. "Why," said she the other day at the Wednesday Club, "My husband would have won on our twins alone. He'd get in on the anti-race-suicide platform." She's so proud of those twins, and of John, too. I like her for it. She's a very intellectual woman and quite pretty. She's the adopted daughter of the once great German editor, Carl Daenzer, and is proficient in modern languages and the sciences and *au courant* with political affairs, yet she is prouder of nothing than of her twins, and she's just mad that the world hasn't made John President by this time. He's just foolish about her, too, and he's worth while, because he's a big man in the community, and when he came here he piled lumber in North St. Louis for 75 cents a day. Then he became a reporter and married his editor's adopted daughter after she had mourned the proper period for her first husband, Dick Klemm. She's a large woman, with a large heart and a large brain, and she knows how to entertain. Her husband sort of divides empire with Eddie Preetorius in managing the greatest German newspaper west of the Mississippi, but I don't see her and Mrs. Eddie much together. Mrs. Eddie hasn't yet become acclimated to the South Siders, though I can't imagine her being anything but gracious to anyone; she's so copiously good natured looking. Still, there is a little rivalry, and I notice that when Eddie got an order

from the German Emperor the other day John Schroers had to have one too, or there'd have been ructions in the office of the *Westliche Post*.

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There were a lot of orders given—to David R. Francis, Adolphus Busch, F. J. V. Skiff and others. They all deserved them, but somehow, the decoration seems silly to Americans. I'm sure I'd rather have one of those diamond-studded symbols of the Busch beers that are worn by the Busch agents as watch charms, than any old bronze cross or crown. I'm glad, though, that Mr. Skiff got an order. I like him. He's been, to me, the most interesting Fair figure. He seemed to have the art of Chicago jolly-ing down finer than even Francis himself. He was always so busy when there was anything he didn't want to do, and had so much time when there was something on the cards that he did want to do. He kept the kickers stalled off beautifully, and he was the best entertainer the Fair had on its staff. He took care of all the artists that came along, and sent 'em away as boosters. He was Director of Exhibits, but, in reality, his chief function was to spread the salve. And then he was the only Bohemian in the bunch of big guns, and he liked to get out and wassail when wassailing was the game to play. He has been a fine combination of artist, business man, press agent, general smoother out of wrinkles, and his wife has helped him wonderfully. If Mr. Skiff had had charge of that feature of the Fair which Moses P. Handy had in Chicago, the Fair would have had more and better advertising and made more money. The Skiffs and the Howard J. Rogerses were probably the most successful folks that came out among us in Fair society. They were pleasant without being too concerned to be so, and they never overplayed the game. They were democratic, too, and just tickled to get among people of the Bohemian set and away from Mrs. Daniel Manning pomposities and pageantries. It was Mr. Skiff, I believe, who said one morning at ever so much o'clock that there were but two people whom he couldn't understand being left off the World's Fair Board of Directors, and they were Jesse Eiseman and Carl Schraubstadter, and a man who could display such appreciation as that is really a genius, while Mr. Rogers was as happy in a sort of second thought when he said that he felt the city lost a brilliant opportunity when it failed to secure moving photographs of John I. Martin calming the surging sea of humanity at the Democratic National Convention, and riding his charger in the World's Fair parades. If Kaiser Wilhelm doesn't decorate John I. Martin I shall be disappointed. He only needs one more medal to make him stoop-shouldered carrying his decorations. Decorations are so numerous now, though, we don't mind them. Florence Hayward won't wear her insignia, given by the French government, and most of the Fair directors have put off their badges because so many queer looking fellows were approaching them on the street, grabbing them by the hand and gratulating them as members of the Eagles—a sort of order much affected, I believe, by bar tenders and minor politicians and gamblers with Dry Dollar Sullivan of New York City—saloon keeper, politician and gambler all in one—named as the head of the organization—a sort of more boozeful Elks, as it were.

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Speaking of booze—a story! A very well known man went out one day not long since to lunch, and got too much wine. That started him to going, and

finally he wound up at Tom Kinney's inn, where he prosecuted his festivities with such assiduity that the Senator called a carriage and bundled him into it. Then Tom called one of his janizaries and told him to go with the gentleman and take good care of him, and let no one near him and get him home at all hazards. The minion said he would, and the hack rolled away. The gentleman went to the Southern and had more drinks, the minion ever behind him. While at the bar a bell boy entered and spoke to the gentleman, who wobbled after him. The minion followed to the ladies' waiting room, and here saw two ladies. "No you don't," said the minion, "You can't rope him. I'm onto you. So chase yourselves, mosey along, girls!" and then he caught the man he was guarding and started to lead him back. The man hit the minion in the eye and knocked him down and then two porters came along and kicked him out of another entrance, while the woozy gentleman who had asked his wife and her sister to meet him at the Southern for dinner took them into the hack with him and drove home. As the hack rolled up to the door and the folks inside got out the minion appeared. He had ridden on the rear axle of the carriage. He caught the man he was told to watch and tried to pull him away. "You don't want to go with them folks," said he, "I'm told to take you home, and I'll do it." The boozy gentleman had to fight him again, and the hackman assisted him, and finally the gentleman went in his house and the poor minion limped sadly away, walking all the way down town from McPherson avenue, and appearing before Kinney, a veritable mangled remain. "Did you get Mr. B— home?" asked Tom. "No," said the minion, "two dames got him at the Southern and now they got him in a house, No. — McPherson avenue. I tried to cut him loose from them, and he and the driver licked me." Two days after the gentleman called at Kinney's and left a check for \$50 for the minion, who has been gorgeously soused ever since. "The gentleman hasn't drank anything since, and he hasn't yet satisfactorily explained to his wife and his sister-in-law why it was that it was necessary that he should have a bodyguard to keep him from wandering off with strange ladies.

✧

Mrs. James L. Blair was in town, at the Jefferson Hotel, one day last week, on business, but I don't believe that many of her old former friends or associates saw her. One who claims to have called in answer to a phone, reports her as looking very well, and being cheerful. She may come back here to live, although that depends on future circumstances. I'm sure that if she does she will, at least, be gladly welcome by the poor to whom she was always so kindly generous, if not by the wealthy and haughty, who envied her her distinction, and secretly rejoiced in her downfall. I've heard so many people blame her for her husband's great financial and moral disaster. I'd like to know if one woman out of an hundred asks her husband where he gets the money with which to gratify her caprices or tastes. I'd like to know, dear Jane, if one woman out of a thousand married to a man who is in the thick of affairs, knows anything about her husband's income or anything about his business. I never knew a man yet who stole for a woman to say that the woman for whom it was done knew he was stealing the money to please her. I'm tired of the myth of the woman tempter. The fact is, that every woman who has a husband who's good to her, just thinks that if he is success-

ful, it is because she's his inspiration. I don't doubt Jim Blair stole to lavish things on Mrs. Blair, but I'm sure that, like other women, she had very little knowledge of her husband's affairs, because he never told her when he was in trouble. That's *the* trouble. Men don't trust their wives enough with such knowledge. If they did, many a one of them would stop stealing with the first small theft, or better still, never begin it. Mrs. Blair is, and was, innocent of the fact that her husband was living beyond his means, and the best evidence to that effect is the way she took the blow when it fell. And that she is a thoroughbred I know, from the fact that she paid one man her husband had touched for \$50,000, the full amount, out of her insurance money, though he hadn't the scratch of a pen to show for the loan. She's all right, and I'm gladder than anything that the Lady Managers, of whom she was President before Jim's break was known, did her the honor to send her a badge before they adjourned without day.

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Some of the local people who entertained Alice Roosevelt are much worked up over a rumor that there may be an announcement of interest from that quarter. I don't know what foundation there may be for the flutter other than a paragraph in a New York society journal that when Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt visited the Douglas Robinsons in New York, on the same day that a certain branch of the Napoleon family had a conference in Paris to discuss a wedding, it might be such a thing as a coincidence that a marriage was discussed in the gathering of which the President and his wife were members. This, it seems to me, is rather vague to base any hopes upon. Miss Alice will announce when she's ready, and she has four years yet to have her fling and wind up with a wedding in the White House, for I'm sure she'd want that honor. No woman would wait until she got out of the White House to marry. Of course all the talk about Alice's marrying some scion of some royal house is bosh. She's too much the daughter of her dad for that. I haven't heard yet that Nick Longworth is out of the question in this quarter.

✱

I was sitting in the Woman's Club last Saturday afternoon when in pops the spankinest of all the last year's brides, just out of her auto. She fell to talking, and the widow of a great doctor remarked that she was glad that Chief Kiely was reappointed, and that he would "keep the lid on." There were five or six present. "That reminds me—keeping the lid on—of a conundrum," said my *Lady Gay Spanker*, invitingly. "Oh, let's have it," we cried. "Well, what is it that when the bottom's on the lid's off, and when the lid's on the bottom's off?" And she fled wildly, her laughter fairly ringing through the rooms. Methinks she had been dining over well. The answer? Oh, just fire away at it. A pot-shot might hit it. But there ought to be a by-law against conundrums at a club, and this conundrum ought to be added to that Southern Hotel Irish dude, Jack Ryan's repertoire, of Kiely stories celebrated in the *Post-Dispatch*.

✱

Of course you remember that clever Will Wissing, who made such a hit here when the Leon L. Hulls brought him down with them from Chicago and married him to their daughter. He was a looker, wasn't he? And he seemed so bright in business, too, and then one day he was arrested for embezzlement. He had an offset against his company for

money he had spent in their interest more than balancing their claim, and another firm believed in him and gave him a good job. But his firm pushed him to trial, and his father-in-law and his mother-in-law and his wife were most bitter against him. The wife secured a divorce, and after the divorce a baby came, and now the wife has the baby and her maiden name, and she wanted the baby's father to go to the penitentiary for the two years to which he was sentenced. When a lot of Will's friends pleaded with Gov. Folk to pardon him, the Governor pulled on them seventy letters or more urging him not to pardon, and these letters were all sent, I am told, at the solicitation of the Hulls. Indeed, Folk said he would pardon Will if the Hulls would ask it, but they wouldn't, and all the Chief Executive could do was commute the sentence to six months in jail, which is as bad as the other, and too much, in view of the fact that poor Will, while he may have done some poor managing and worse bookkeeping while flying high, certainly made a showing that the company owed him money instead of his owing them money, and moreover, as the company tried to square the matter with him upon payment of a certain sum which he maintains he did not owe. If he owed it he certainly could have paid it, for his friends would have put it up. A great many people who knew Will when things were coming his way sympathize deeply with him, and while I wouldn't harshly condemn his wife, I must say I can't see how her insistence upon his punishment can soothe her griefs, whatever they may be, or benefit the child, of which he was the father. I think the whole trouble arises out of the fact that while Will thought he was marrying into exalted social position the girl thought she was winning wealth as well as a good looking and smart man, and both were a little disillusioned, the girl, perhaps, a little more so. Will certainly tried to make a social shine, and, to an extent, succeeded, but the pace was too fast. I'm sorry for them both, especially when I remember how the mother used to make over him at the Chicago Beach Hotel, and how devoted a husband he appeared. His conviviality, which got him involved, was really a taste acquired in his business as agent for an electrical company in selling goods, and it seems that he simply fell a victim also to the rebate system of competition, for, in order to make a sale he would meet a rival's price and then give his personal check to the purchaser as a discount. I hope President Roosevelt will knock out that sort of rebate, as well as the railroad rebates that help the big trusts to undersell the small consumers. Oh, yes, Jane, even society gabble has its politico-economic side, and although I love the elegance and the dawdling and all that, I confess I'm getting to be a little of an anarchist. How much better the whole world would be with a little more love and less law or justice. Take the Hulls, for instance. Wouldn't we think better of them if they could relent towards the now poor and worn, but once so gay and dapper Will Wissing, who so dearly loved a dinner or a social frolic, and was once never so pleased as when giving pleasure to his friends. "Pardon's the word for all," say I with the king in the last act of "Cymbeline."

✱

The divorce proceeding begun by Mrs. Frank Roth stirs a goodly section of society, for she has a host of pleasant and prominent relatives here. As Lyda Bevis, she was much admired. She was as good hearted as she was clever, and as all her sisters were clever. Her father, you know, was quite a blood, and believed in *dum vivimus vivamus*, down to

the last, when he died game and smiling, leaving a pretty young widow. It's too bad that this trouble should come now on the Roth connections, the Crawfords and the Steers and others, all kindly folk and clean. When Lyda married Roth it was thought to be a great match. He belonged to the family that ran the St. Nicholas Hotel in Cincinnati, and he came over here and ran our St. Nicholas on a scale that put the place to the bad. He put paralyzing prices on things, and got in the hole, and the constables were busy with him. All his troubles didn't feaze him or make him drop any of his "dog." Lyda has had a dozen years of marital misery. Her father took care of them both, and Roth was a sport who practiced "tough" tactics at home. Recently the situation became unbearable, and the divorce proceeding is the result. All the sympathy is with the lady in this case, and you know, Jane, that isn't usually the case. The woman gets the worst of it always. Mrs. Roth has borne with things that make her dozen years' endurance little less than a miracle. Mr. Roth doesn't mind. He hasn't any mind to mind with, having dissipated it away. A case like this seems to me to knock the everlasting daylights out of the theory of some people that marriage should be indissoluble.

✱

What a raft of bad news I've got. Mrs. Selby Barnes has sued for divorce. He defaulted for a big sum of money, and is now in Europe. The shortage was made good. She was May Mansfield, and she is a very agreeable woman who has borne up well under grave distress. I believe May Mansfield is a daughter of that queer old Fielding Mansfield, who stole Ed Devoy's thunder, and got all the credit for inaugurating our system of street sprinkling out of the public revenue. The best proof that this little woman, upon whom misfortune lays such a heavy hand, is all right is found in the fact that all her St. Louis friends stand valiantly by her, as they should, but not as they always do in cases similar to hers. The Marion Lamberts are her greatest pals. They used to live at the same hotel,—I think it was Beers'—and when Selby skipped the town, the Lamberts took her right home to Hortense place with them. I hear Marion offered to put up all kinds of money to help Selby out, too, which shows that he is the right sort and a true sport, doesn't it?

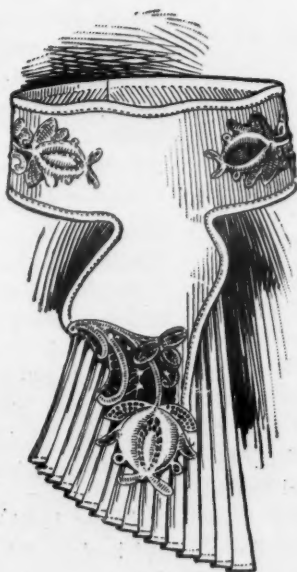
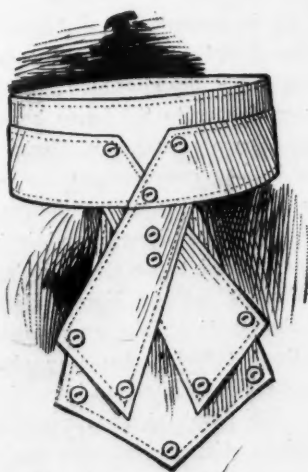
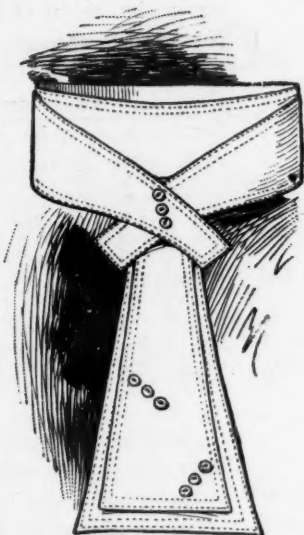
✱

Ellis Wainwright *must* be going the pace over in *la ville lumiere*. He sold the Ozark Building about three months ago, and now he has sold the Wainwright Building, which is known to the artistic world as being among the prettiest pieces of sky-scraping architecture in the country. I wonder if Charlie Turner is going to join his expatriated pal in Paris, now that he's escaped from the clutches of the men who have put him to torture two dozen times by forcing him to get up in court and describe when, where, why and how he was a boodler.

✱

That funny and frisky Jack Kelly whom you met at West Baden, and later here, who was so nice you couldn't believe he was agent for Green River whiskey, has up and got married to a chic lady from Toledo, a widow, I believe. He had a hard time of it, too, for a lot of people told her the fearsomest stories about him, and almost made her believe them to the point of breaking the engagement. He called her up over the long distance telephone, and properly denounced the slanderers, and then was duly married with Gardner McKnight as best man. The lady's

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name was, if I err not, Mrs. Suzette Brady, and to quote Gardner, "she's a queen." The Kellys are now at Hot Springs. I do wonder if Gardner McKnight will ever marry? I suppose so—about the time that Dave Nicholson does. Good old Dave! You can't drag him into society with a locomotive, but my, isn't he fine when you call around and tap him for something for this or that church affair. A man who runs what is undoubtedly the finest grocery house in the world, and that's what he does, hasn't much time to be a butterfly. I wonder, too, if all the bloods who ran with "Kel" will not quit drinking his brand "without a headache in a barrel." It's coming summer now, and Gardie McKnight will return to his first and only love, Mamie Taylor.

✧

A very pretty woman with whom Society may possibly have to reckon shortly I saw at the Boeck's reception last week. She's piquantly magnetic, and has a fine carriage, and when she talks reveals a quick sparkle that is not assertive, but has a sort of Southern reserve in it which charms much. She is Mrs. Lee Meriwether, and she's the ideal wife for a Mayor. Her husband may be a firebrand, but she has tact enough for half a dozen people, and she knows how to dress with distinction, and yet not pronouncedly. I believe she is Mr. Meriwether's second wife, but I know that she is a devoted adherent of those queer theories of his about land and taxes and labor, that I never could understand. She's a great example, too, as a daughter-in-law, for she is attention's self to Mr. Meriwether's mother, herself one of the most brilliant and advanced women in the country, Mrs. Minor Meriwether, who both writes and talks well on suffrage, and such truck, as I call it. Mrs. Lee Meriwether is retiring, and not inclined to look out to make friends. She doesn't force herself at all, but is always discovered, to the discoverer's delight. She doesn't get around much. I don't recollect having ever seen her at the theater, and I seldom see her at functions. Her name is seldom in the society column, yet she must go about some, for she carries herself with a sureness that is the stronger for being serene. That volcanic husband of hers may be Mayor, and they say that if he hadn't been cheated he'd be Mayor to-day, but, however that may be, if he should win this time this wife of his will be a social hit of the hottest kind, no matter what he may do. She is worth looking up in a social way just on the chance, don't you know, that you may have to know her, and she is worth seeking out. I imagine that if Lee becomes Mayor, this charming wife and his mother will have something to say in his administration, and I'll bet that if anyone attacks him his mother will smash the assailant in a letter that will read as if written with a stylus of caustic. The Meriwethers are interesting people to people with brains; maybe that's why they don't care for or aren't cared for in society, but anyhow, it's unique to come across, in a gorgeous parlor in the West End, a fine and fitly groomed woman as the wife of the city's premier proletaire. You'd expect a *petroleuse*, to hear the talk about her husband's principles. I don't think Mr. Meriwether goes into society at all. He would probably lose his hold on the submerged tenth if he were ever found in evening clothes, though I remember the time when he was no less distinguished as a ladies' man, than as a writer, an economist, a politician, and the most brilliant lawyer who ever tackled medical jurisprudence as he showed when he destroyed Dues-trow's insanity theory and hanged that wife mur-

derer in spite of Gov. Johnson and Nat Dryden as lawyers, and dear old Dr. Jerome K. Bauduy as alienist, for the defense.

✧

D. R. F. is home again from Palm Beach and Cuba. They say that the big Chicago party with which he went as chief guest got on an awful toot and painted Havana a deep red. Not Dave, though. The red stuff never turns a hair on Dave. It's mother's milk to him, being from Kentucky, and in all the bouts during the Fair he floored everybody. He didn't have Mrs. Francis with him, she being too ill to be moved. Dave dined with the Flaglers—Standard Oil—at Palm Beach, and that's equivalent to meeting royalty. When Flagler has recognized you, your hat is chalked for anything in Florida. He's the king and can't do wrong, and a whole State's code of law is changed to enable him to get a divorce and marry someone else. If he says you're right, you can do as you darn please—flirt in the palm garden with some other man's wife, or go in bathing by moonlight with some other fellow's sister. Don't think I mean for a minute that our dear Dave did anything of that kind, Jane—he didn't stay long enough, just two days. And, anyway, he was chaperoned by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Dave, Jr., and her husband.

✧

That dashing Bessie Finney didn't do a thing but surprise us all by getting engaged to John Douglass (two s's, Jane,) and don't you forget it. You know I wrote you a fortnight ago that we all thought Captain Cheney was "It." Well, he wasn't, or perhaps I'd better say he isn't. And John is. Yes, you do know John Douglass—that smiling, quite good-looking brother of young Mrs. Shelton—she was Eloise Douglass. He has rather kept aloof from society the last few years, but is awfully clever, I understand, and Bessie is his first love, for true. He'd better look sharp and set the wedding day as early as he can—I think they have decided on Easter—or she'll slip through his fingers. A terrible flirt, and the men crazy about her, pretty Bessie. John has the old Douglass house in Vandeventer place, and I suppose they'll live there. Not so bad for a bride, is it, to step into a fine, big house, the first thing?

✧

Jane, listen to me—if you're a Christian Scientist you can't belong to clubs; isn't that the limit? I only heard it the other day, when somebody told me that several members of the Woman's Club who have a leaning toward C. S. were considering sending in their resignations, because Mother Eddy has issued an ultimatum that you can't belong to any organization exclusively for women—that is, if you are a woman. The Eddy doctrines teach that there must be no separation of the sheep and the goats; so take warning, if you want to keep your membership in all the nice clubs that play bridge and study art and things. I hear one of the most prominent women in town has this winter gone daft on C. S. Her family, a large one with grown children, and her husband, who belongs to good old Presbyterian stock, are perfectly wild with anxiety, but it makes no difference. She had been on the invalid list for awhile, and then got started on this C. S. business through some woman friend, and the other day the husband came home earlier than usual to find the friend in his wife's sitting room reading Eddy literature aloud to his wife, who was lying down. He grew perfectly green with rage, forgot what a real gentleman is like, ordered the woman out of the house, gathered up all the books and stuffed them

into the furnace, and there was the dickens to pay generally. Gee Whiz! that almost makes one think of the Huguenot days, and the persecutions of the Jews, doesn't it?

✧

The crowd of girls you used to train with—Elsie Ford, Jessie Wright, Leila Chopin—are all going off like hot cakes, when it comes to the matrimonial market. Helen Noel is the latest. Don't believe you knew her as well as the others. She's terribly literary and awfully exclusive, and doesn't like people unless they play golf very well. Her fiancé is a certain Frank Ellis, a little man with very nice manners and a dapper appearance. He is about a head shorter than Helen, but he looks and she looks as if both were too happy to mind trifles like that. The Ellis young man belongs to a very good family, I believe, but none of us knew him, as he is rather quiet, but I hear he has considerable property. Helen never made much of a splurge, but will be rich one of these days. Leila Chopin is not going out at all, being in mourning for her mother, but I hear is to be married quietly right after Easter, about the same time that her brother, Doctor Chopin, marries one of the Gleeson girls. All the Chopins are fine folks. Oscar is making a great hit with his *Chronicle* cartoons—by the way, the *Chronicle's* coming out strong as a real newspaper under Frank Carlisle's and Sterling Edmund's management—and is looking New Yorkward. There's a lady there, I believe.

✧

Speaking of newspapers, I send you the page from the last Sunday *Post-Dispatch* exploiting in picture what I told you over a month ago about the sensation created by the appearance of Florence Kelly at a ball as "the Angel Child" of the comic supplements, with socks over fleshings. I want to say that latterly the newspapers in St. Louis have begun to liven up their society matter with light, frothy gossip that is an infinite improvement on the cold chroniclings of a few months ago. There is an appearance of life in the stuff now, and it isn't so asininely solemn as it used to be. Society's not to be taken too seriously. Even Frank Hirschberg admits it's more than half a joke and masquerade. Even Howard Benoist feels that way about it, though he's pretty nearly the most serious of all our rich young men. He hasn't time for anything but that smart, attractive wife of his, who was Agnes Foy. He's the most in-love-with-his-wife man in town, very wealthy, splendidly educated and all that. He'd be a lally-paloosa if he'd get a move on him like Lee Benoist and plunge in and play the great business game. But then, Jane, it's refreshing now and then to find one man who lives in and for one woman and one who can be a man of leisure without becoming worthless to himself and dangerous to society. Still, I like the hustlers, like the Lemp boys, all of them, who might be mere dawdlers, but prefer to work, and work hard. Elsa Lemp is at Palm Beach with Mrs. Alex Konta, and she's a great success there. So is Mrs. Billy Lemp, who, though I hear that she has been looking extra pale, has lost none of her oldtime geniality and comradeship among her friends.

✧

Lucile Hopkins' wedding was about the best we had lately. Oh! I must tell you such a funny thing that happened. The day before the wedding Nan Thomson and I went out to see the presents—Virginia Thomson was one of the bridesmaids, you

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know. Well, Lucille wasn't home—had gone out to drive with her young man—but Mrs. Hopkins said to come right upstairs and see all the things, so we went. The lay-out was perfectly elegant, Jane, the silver simply set me crazy—every piece that you could think of—and dozens of flat silver, in boxes, and all of them marked "Asparagus Knife," or "Soup Fork," or something like that, so you can't make a mistake. Don't you know how awful it is to get some small piece of silver and then fish around to find out what it's meant to be used for? Of course you don't, Jane, never having been married, but you will some day. Well, Lucille won't have any such trouble, for her's is all labeled. I think the Hopkinses gave that chest, but there were no cards, so I couldn't tell who gave the thing. Awfully mean to take away the cards, and besides, I wanted people to know what I sent. It was a cut glass bon bon dish, and quite handsome, Jane, but don't you ever tell what I did. She had five dishes almost like mine, and I suppose they got kind of common by the time the fifth one came. Anyhow, I saw mine way-over in a corner completely out of sight under a big green lamp, so I just told Nan Thomson that I heard Mrs. Hopkins calling to her, and while she went into the next room, I up and hauled that dish out into the line where it would show. It was there, too, at the wedding. Nothing like having a little tact, Jane, now and then. While we were still looking at the things—oh, I forgot to say that the Charlie Gateses sent cut glass—all kinds of pieces. Charlie was Mr. Martin's best man, you know—Mrs. Hurd came in—that's Mildred Hopkins, who married a Cleveland man. All the Hopkins girls have done noble on the marrying question. She was the matron of honor. Lucille had a gorgeous wedding dress, all real lace—the papers said it was made in Paris, but Etta Portner, the bridesmaid who came from Washington, Julius Koehler's wife's sister, you know, said that Smith, right here in St. Louis, made nearly everything Lucille got for her trousseau. Etta and Lucille were at school together somewhere East—not of Suez, however. I saw "Jimmie" Hopkins in the crush. Say what you like, Jane, I can't help liking Jimmie, for all his failings lean, if not to virtue's, at least to kindly human nature's side, and there's that that's good in a fellow who'll risk all for love.

Did you say New People, Jane? Why, there hasn't been a new person in town since the Fair closed, and it's all we can do to keep the old ones from moving away. Mr. and Mrs. Dana, who live down in Southern Illinois somewhere, have come here for the spring, and are at the Buckingham Club. Mrs. Dana is a sister of Mrs. Ed Goltra, and some say even prettier than Mrs. G. As I haven't seen her, can't say, Jane, but will report at my first glimpse of the lady. I tell you a cute little girl who takes my fancy, and that's Stella Schnurmacher. She and one of the younger Gerardi girls—the Grand Avenue Hotel people—and Jessie Leonori go about together all the time, and they set each other off very well, indeed. Jessie is engaged to some young medico, so they say, but I don't know his name. Stella's father is a big gun in law and finance and politics, and she's a girl that should do well in the way we all expect a girl to do. Oh, I must tell you about the cracker-jack ushers they had at Ruth Slattery's marriage to Campbell Locke, of New York. They all came from New York, and they were simply great, Jane. One big fellow named Spies just knew how to do things. He had charge of the wedding, and the elegant way in which he bent over every woman whom he took down the aisle and the hustle he had on him were wonderful to see. About Lucille's husband I'll not worry to tell you. You can learn all of him you want in the daily papers. But who cares for the groom at a wedding? He's a negligible quantity.

Emily Catlin Shepley is beginning to go out again in society. She has been ill for nearly a year, and has a young Shepley who is most old enough to walk, I believe, but she looks terribly pale and thin. I met her yesterday shopping. I never shall forget the night I sat behind Emily and Arthur at the theater, about two months before they were married. They held hands every minute, and paid no more attention to the play than if there hadn't been any stage at all. I remember some woman related to the family told me that she thought it was just terrible to be so much in love with the man a girl marries—that one was so sure to be disillusioned afterwards—what do you think, Jane? You let me know before I definitely decide on Jack, so that I can behave accordingly, will you?

Little Josephine Newman is back in St. Louis this week as a soubrette in some theatrical company. The old and aristocratic Newman family are said nearly to have fits of distress every time she comes here, though I can't believe that, knowing what a thoroughbred is her Aunt Caroline, Mrs. Taylor, who by the way, is still invalided, but invincibly cheerful, and watched with the tenderest devotion by her husband, Rufe Taylor, brother of that fat and fine Billy Taylor, grandson of Rufus J. Lackland, and cousin of Chouteau Scott. But I was talking of Josephine, and all I'll say is that she's a clever little theatrical baggage, has worked hard and suffered much, and has shown that she has the real stuff in her by winning her place as a top-liner through all the stress and strain of divorce and other accessories to success in the drama.

Two engagements of note are those of Eleanor Hoblitzelle and Mr. John Stewart Tritle, who are to be married next week with a bunch of beauty bridesmaids, and Mr. Sim T. Price, Jr., and Miss Florence Turner, of San Francisco. The date for the wedding of the latter couple is not announced. The Tritles will live in Kansas City. Love endureth all things, you know.

If you go to Rome for Easter, you may see the Countess Spottiswood Mackin, the erstwhile Sally Britton. But don't let my announcement of that fact keep you away, Jane. I read the biggest lot of tommyrot about her the other day in some newspaper—how she had refused an offer of marriage from some young Italian prince—how much are Italian princes worth now, Jane, at par?—who fell in love with her at first sight, when she was saying her prayers in a cathedral. Well, there is no doubt that there is a good deal of the Countess to fall in love with, but society in her old town of St. Louis snubbed her to beat the band last summer, and the Fair management turned her down cold. She's a silly old soul, though she doesn't do anyone any harm. In fact her royalty and nobility "bug" may amuse you somewhat. Not another word, Jane. I am due now for my French lesson with Madame Boutemy, and the Eise-man girls. We are reading—well, I don't think I'll tell. Adieu!

BLUE JAY.

THE CIVIC BARD

St. Louis, Feb. 26th, 1905.

THE BIG C(H)INCH.

They've shied their castors in the ring
The men we must (?) "elect" this
spring,

Oh yes! their Patriots sure enough?
Patriots "out for the stuff."

The First is "little Rolla" Wells,
In *incapacity* he excels,
It's sad alas, but all to true!
But then "what could he do?"

The next is James Y. Player,
When it comes to "figures," "he's right
there,"

His "figures" are "way out of sight,"
That \$2.19 Tax Rate is a "fright!"

Franciscus may think he's "smart?"
And being "counted in" didn't break his
heart,
But then his day is nearly done,
We'll get some one else to handle out
"mon!"

You may have heard Dierkes sing?
His notes have that "plaintive ring,"
We hope it will not be long,
Before he gives office, "The Swan
Song!"

Our old friend John O'Brien,
"Has been "running" for Assessor since
'89,
Why don't he "go in" for trade?
Why? Just ask Festus Wade!

Haggerman's right "up to snuff,"
He thinks Ten Thousand "just enough!"
But we've our "Hammer (s)" out for
him
When he gets the returns "his head
will swim."

Here again comes George Burnet,
He is *certainly* somebody's (?) "pet!"
But no one cares "one little bit,"
As he will be elected—nit!

Speigelhalter's "out for the tin!"
And of course (?) expects to be
"counted in,"
As a "dog-catcher" he thinks he'll ex-
cel,
Well, may be, who can tell?

What do you think of "Paddy Fitz-
gibbon?"
Don't you think it's time he would
work for a living?
He don't think he'll loose his "taw!"
He (you know) is the "Chaw," that
invented "The Nesbit Law."

Who's this Hogan? Can you tell?
That is under "the magic spell,"
He'd better "go a bit slow,"
For it will be awful tiresome "eating
Crow."

Oh yes! there is Joseph Boyce,
At his name *we can't rejoice!*
He's the man that has a son,
Who gets the "Transit Co.'s" "mon!"

Look at that Council "Bunch!"
I'll give you "a straight hunch"
That among our other cares,

We don't want to watch them muddle
our affairs.

So Lionberger (Isaac H.) and John F.
Lee,
Have "come out" from behind the
tree?"
I always thought they acted "funny,"
Now I know they were somebody's (?)
dummy.

Men! Brothers! Fellow Creatures!
What's become of "Holy" Tom Mc-
Pheeters?
It need occasion no surprise,
If he "turns up," Commissioner of Sup-
plies.

Henry T. Kent is intent, to invent,
Some way that \$9,000,000 could be spent,
Kent, Don't be a "clown,"
"Go way back, and sit down." z

Did you ever? no I never!
"Freddie" Judson's "going to bust?"
Or is it sever,
The "octopus" known as the R. R.
Trust.

John Scullin, and "Honest (Campbell)
Jim,"
Think John F. Lee "would be kind to
them,"

But it is our most solemn prayer,
Lord save us from such a mayor!

It's a wonder "Charlie" Turner, and
"Phil" Stock,
Didn't have (some gentleman) "Raffles"
pick that Safe Deposit lock!
They'll get back their "dirty tin,"
But it is a "most bloomin' bloody sin!"

Franklin Ferriss "believes in Civic
pride?"
He must be in fun?
Without he refers to his recent "hide,"
Of "Johnny" Scullin's "mon!"

Ah there! McConkey "Sunny Jim?"
We "won't do a thing to him,"
Sad it will be to relate?
The fate of such "cheap skate"

Joe P. Whyte is a name with which
to conjure,
Is the option of his "honor,"
But to The People, he represents,
The total value of "Thirty Cents."

Oh "Harry" Hawes! the "c(h)inch's"
"Santa Claus!"
You'll have to pause! we'll "trim your
claws!"
With Butler "out," and Barrett "in,"
Your chances really are *very* "slim!"

Egotistical photo It "will throw a fit,"
If he can't "seat" Diminutive Nemo
nit,
The People "will throw a fit,"
If Mr. W "seats" Nemo nit!

If the men who think they "run this
Town,"
Cannot "elect" a Democratic tool or
"Clown,"

I hear they'll try the "other side,"
"Nix com her haus," "vas is los mit"
Shnurmacher, or Woerhide?

Mermod & Jaccard's.

Broadway and Locust.

Stationery Hints

SUGGESTIONS that may be the means of saving you annoyance and
inconvenience of being for a day or two without what you should al-
ways have on hand—namely:

Calling Cards—Here we furnish 100 fine cards, name in
script, with fine engraved plate, for \$1.50—from your
own plate (any style), 100 for \$1.00.

Monogrammed Paper—Fine Correspondence Paper, 100 sheets,
our "Modern Linen," cream or blue white, azure blue
and French gray, with two-letter monogram, in any
color, price \$1.10—or in silver or gold for \$1.30. En-
velopes to match, 100 for 70 cents.

Various other styles and prices.

Plain Paper—Some prefer it for their own use, but those who
use the monogram paper should have the plain for
use of guests. We are offering our "Imperial Vel-
lum," a splendid quality, comes in boxes, 100 sheets
of paper and 50 envelopes, price 65c a box.

Other box paper, 40c to \$10.00 box.

And Do Not Delay Ordering Invitations
and Menus.

IT takes time to prepare these and do it right—the engraver should have
several days for his work—a week—or two weeks is not too much—
so order just as early as possible.

Samples and Estimates on request.

Mermod & Jaccard's,
Broadway and Locust.

Mail Orders Filled.

Write for Catalogue.

Pompus "Charlie" Knapps of the St.
Louis "Pin-Wheels,"
Defends all past election steals!
If you don't subscribe to his ideas or his
"rotten sheet"
He'll probably call you a "dirty cheat."

There's "a new leder" for the "Reels,"
I wonder will he tell them, the Debu-
tants, about the past election
A "ward McAllister" did you say?
"Hurrah" Clarence, "Hip, Hip Hoo-
ray!"

Now as these names you scan,
Do you think (in any case) the "office
seeks the man?"
No siree as I have before stated,
Their appetites are not yet satiated!

If every one does his "level best,"
We will surely "get rid" of this terrible
pest!
But *I do not value highly!*
Governor Joseph Folk's appointment
of "Mat" Kiely!

Please print this "poetic effusion" if
you don't think it will "put you out of
Business." *I know it's terrible, but I
had a terrible subject, This is "Spring
Poetry"?*

Very respectfully,
ANDREW J. PRESTON,
City.

P. S. (most important)
For Mayor in Nineteen Hundred and
Five,
A man that knows he's alive?
He is no "tinner," "plotter," "schemer,"
or "shearer!"

I refer, to the most *Humble Editor of*
"The Mirror."

A. J. P.

Please insert this verse before the
prose apology.

Before the Ides of April, I think it very
plain,
Thae will be another "junket" on the
Harbor Boat "Mark Twain."
Will they stop at "Chesley Island"?
well I should smile!
And They'll "dump" the Democratic
Ticket on that notorious pile!

When they land at "Chesley Island,"
Upon the Golden (?) Strand,
Will they find the Golden Fleece?
Ah, no! These "humble patriots" (?)
will locate a drove of Hogs, and a
Flock of Geese!

♦ ♦ ♦

GALVESTON, TEXAS,
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.
MEXICO

Is best reached via INTERNATIONAL
AND GREAT NORTHERN R. R.
in connection with the Iron Mountain
Route from St. Louis.

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ment leave St. Louis daily 2:21 p. m.
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Texas

♦ ♦ ♦

He kissed her on the cheek;
It seemed a harmless frolic;
He's been laid up a week—
They say, with painter's colic.
—Yonkers Statesman.

TO THE MILLION CLUB.

In a recent advertisement on this page we called attention of the Million Club to the need of developing St. Louis territory as the initial move in securing a million population. Herewith we present some further remarks on the subject which it is believed are timely.

Within a hundred miles or so to the south of St. Louis begins a country that stretches away to the Gulf on the south and the Rio Grande on the west, comprising the States of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. Geographically, this section bears the same relation to St. Louis that Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota bear to Chicago. When it is remembered Chicago was made second city in the Union largely through the development of its tributary territory it is not a far cry to say that St. Louis, with an equal expanse of territory, richer in resource, will make as great progress when the possibilities of her territory are brought out. But what of this Southwestern country?

The surface or natural resources have as yet scarcely been uncovered, or discovered. The country's available supply of valuable hardwoods is practically confined to these States, worth more in the log, perhaps, than the country's gold mines. Much of this country is susceptible of more intensive farming than the grain States of the North and therefore capable of maintaining a greater proportion of population. For instance, one acre of bottom land will yield as many dollars in cotton as two acres of Illinois or Iowa will in corn. Ten acres of upland in peaches, strawberries and tomatoes will bring as much cash as the entire grain crop of a fair-sized Northern farm. If a square mile of Northern territory will maintain eight families, a like area in the Southwest will support twelve to sixteen families under equal conditions.

No country shows a wider diversity of products than the territory traversed by the Cotton Belt Route. In Southeast Missouri, corn, wheat, cotton and alfalfa yield bountifully. In Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas the bottom lands yield a bale of cotton to the acre, worth \$40 to \$60. Small grains and grasses grow luxuriantly. The uplands are especially adapted to fruits and vegetables, which find ready market in the North and East. It is not uncommon for peaches and strawberries to yield \$200 to \$300 per acre. Tomatoes, potatoes and other vegetables return \$100 to \$200 per acre. Melon growing has proven highly lucrative. Celery culture is being taken up. Tobacco land rivaling the best portions of Kentucky has been located. Wonderful developments in rice growing in the coast country are so well known as scarcely to need mention. The raising of live stock is accompanied by less expense than in the North on account of longer pasturage and shorter feeding season. Added to all this is a mild, pleasant climate. When the North is shivering in an embrace of snow flurries and cold rains in the early days of spring, the Southwest is basking in sunshine, flowers are blooming, foliage is on the trees and farmers are well under way with their crops, producing something, earning something.

To the task of peopling and developing this magnificent territory the Million Club might well address itself. In considering any plans the Million Club might feel assured in advance of the hearty co-operation of the Southwestern railroads, and none will take a readier or longer step in advancing the cause than the



COTTON BELT ROUTE,

909 Olive St.

Equitable Bldg.,

St. Louis, Mo.

STATE CAPITAL GOSSIP

BY CALLAWAY DADE

LIGHTNING RODS.

The fact that Mayor Neff of Kansas City has spent most of his time in Jefferson City since the Legislature convened, has suggested the theory that he either has some very important business with the Legislature or his official duties at the Kaw town are very light. He has spent more time in the city than either Thos. K. Niedringhaus or Col. R. C. Kerens. Up to date he has not registered with Gov. Folk as a lobbyist, and extensively as Representative Walmsley of Kansas City has scattered his vote from day to day in order to vote for a new man each time for United States Senator, he has not complimented the Mayor of his own town. Mayor Neff does a great deal of impressive standing around about the hotels and the corridors of the House, but he seldom engages anyone in conversation unless it is a resident of Kansas City.

Ex-State Senator Matthews of St. Louis County is another statesman who has been here almost continuously since the session opened, and, like Mayor Neff, he has not registered in the Governor's office. It is well understood, however, that his business here is to keep his ear to the ground in the hope that he will hear the *vox populi* calling L. F. Parker out of his law office in the Frisco Building to go to Washington and occupy Senator Cockrell's vacant chair in the United States Senate. The ex-State Senator is blessed with excellent hearing, and he has listened long and faithfully, but his hearkening has not yet been rewarded. Mr Parker himself drops in occasionally to see if his sentinel on the watch tower of his political hopes is properly patrolling his beat, speaks a few words of cheer, looks longingly towards Washington, and then disappears for a few days.

JOURDAN AND CARROLL.

Morton Jourdan of St. Louis comes here oftener than Col. W. H. Phelps, stays longer and is much more in evidence. He has stated hundreds of times that he has not called upon Gov. Folk, told him that his visits to Jefferson City were in the interests of the St. Louis Transit Company and the Laclede Gas Light Company, and the racing syndicate, but he has informed committees that such was his business at the State Capital. He has also stated most emphatically that he does not intend to make his business known to Gov. Folk, and has permitted the impression to gain credence that he would not regard a permit from the Chief Executive giving him 30 hours in which to transact his business as of any more value than a last year's Transit Company transfer. The fact that Mr. Jourdan is representing the interests of both the Transit Company and the Laclede Gas Light Company indicates a close alliance between these two great corporations if, in fact, they are not controlled by the same men.

One old-time lobbyist is absent—Col.

PRICES CUT 10 to 50 Per Cent.

At Least 10 Per Cent. on Everything.

REMEMBER
OUR PRICES WERE
LOWEST EVEN
BEFORE WE CUT.

ANNUAL
CLEARANCE
SALE

OUR STOCK IS
FRESH, CLEAN AND
UP-TO-DATE.
NO OLD STYLES.

Scarritt Comstock Furniture Co.

BROADWAY AND LOCUST

THESE ARE EXAMPLES OF OUR GOOD OFFERS.

	Worth	Price.		Worth	Price.
China Cabinet.....	\$ 66.00	\$35.00	Chamber Suit	\$ 75.00	\$ 37.50
Mahogany Sideboard	100.00	75.00	Dresser and Chiffonier	150.00	110.00
Buffet	15.00	9.75	Leather Rocker	20.00	13.50
Oak Sideboard	22.00	12.50	Mahogany Chair	20.00	10.00
Oak Dresser	30.00	20.00	Fine Rocker	20.00	11.00
Mahogany Flag Rocker.....	18.00	7.50	Chiffonier	25.00	12.50
Weathered Flag Settee.....	20.00	10.00	Chiffonier	11.00	7.00
Reed Arm Chair.....	12.00	6.00	Mahogany Rocker	17.50	10.00
China Cabinet	90.00	65.00	Reed Rocker	12.00	6.00
Hall Rack	15.00	9.75	Arm Chair	18.00	9.00
Mahogany Cabinet	70.00	45.00	China Cabinet	85.00	60.00
Sideboard	110.00	75.00	China Cabinet	90.00	65.00
Chamber Suit	35.00	25.00			

This is the great furniture economy time of the Spring season. Each year more thousands of housekeepers profit by the immense savings that we make possible. YOU CAN SAVE FROM ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF ON THE MONEY YOU EXPECT TO SPEND; OR YOU CAN BUY A HALF UP TO DOUBLE THE AMOUNT YOU EXPECTED TO SECURE.

John H. Carroll—and many are the stories told concerning his important business in Washington. It will be recalled that Col. Carroll has a way of being out of the State when he is wanted as a witness. It required several months for Gov. Folk to get service on him, and bring him before the St. Louis Grand Jury to answer questions touching his knowledge of boodling. When he did appear before the inquisitorial body he fell back on his constitutional rights. The St. Louis daily papers said that when he came out of the Grand Jury room he was shedding real tears. Now the Senate Investigating Committee has been wanting to see Col. Carroll for the past three weeks. It paid a visit to St. Louis about three weeks ago, largely to ascertain what he knew about campaign funds and other things, but a few hours before the committee arrived the Colonel was called to Washington on urgent business, and so far as the committee knows, he is there yet. Now the Legislature is hot after the stock yards companies, and the railroad Col. Carroll represents, the Burlington, is largely interested in these enterprises. In former years Col. Carroll knew how to send such bills to the Legislative morgue by the shortest route. But just now, when the stock yards are threatened with the old Populist law that drove them out of Kansas and into Missouri for protection, and when

the Senate Committee is so anxious to see him, his business in Washington seems to be so important that he cannot come home. Some of the senators have expressed skeptical views about the importance of his business in Washington, but who should be so good a judge of this matter as Col. Carroll himself? Besides, some senators judge others by themselves.

VANDIVER FOR BEER INSPECTOR.

During Harry Hawes' campaign for the gubernatorial nomination, he caused to be printed a caustic interview concerning Congressman Vandiver. Mr. Hawes said the latter was boasting Joseph W. Folk with the selfish object of being himself elevated to the Presidency of the State University. After pointing out what a great calamity it would be to place the university under the control of such a man, Mr. Hawes said that in his opinion Vandiver was better suited for State Beer Inspector. Congressman Vandiver came back at him in an equally warm interview which came dangerously near, provoking a personal assault. Mr. Hawes' suggestion, however, that the Congressman would make a good Beer Inspector, while regarded at the time as a joke, is now looked upon as a possibility, and even a probability. It is stated that Gov. Folk has already made his selection for Excise Commissioner and Coal Oil Inspector of St. Louis, in which event he has but two good appoint-

ments left—State Insurance Commissioner and State Beer Inspector. These offices pay the same salary, \$3,000 a year. No one will deny that Congressman Vandiver is as well qualified in every way to fill the office of State Beer Inspector as the two men who have held it since it was created.

In connection with the office of State Beer Inspector, there is some speculation as to whether Gov. Folk will follow the plain provisions of the act creating the office and appoint an "expert brewer," as the law says he shall do, or give the office to some politician who knows nothing more about the brewing business than the average citizen. Governors Stephens and Dockery both violated the law in this respect. The requirements of the law are just as explicit that the Beer Inspector shall be a brewer as that a judge of the Supreme Court shall be a lawyer, or that the President of the State University shall know how to read and write. This law originated in an effort to sandbag money out of the brewers, and it would never have become a law had the brewers put up the big pile of boodle demanded of them. The inspection features of the law are a rank fraud, because there has never been anyone connected with the beer inspection department who knew anything about the brewing business. The fact that St. Louis beer practically stands without a rival, is not due to the beer inspection

law, but rather in spite of it, and boodling legislatures.

THE SENATE AGAINST FOLK.

While Gov. Folk's franchise bill was not defeated in the Senate when it came up for engrossment last week, yet the machine Democrats placed their private mark on it, just to show the Governor that he could not railroad anything through the Senate without their consent. It was amended so as to exclude all the counties in the State. In Stone and Taney Counties this would not make much difference, but in wealthy and populous counties, like Jackson, St. Louis, Buchanan, Jasper and Greene it will mean a whole lot in the future to franchise-grabbing corporations. The original bill was general in its application, requiring the public sale of all franchises, and made no exceptions as to any locality. The corporation-loving Senators went after it in a very adroit manner, and secured the adoption of the amendment stated.

So far, Gov. Folk has been able to get but one of his pet measures through the Senate—the bill extending the statute of limitations in bribery prosecutions from three to five years. That bill, however, passed the Senate before the opposition in that body had effected an organization, which it did so effectively some days later that the Governor's anti-bribery bill was killed in one, two, three order, and refused a decent burial. Meantime, it appears that the Governor is still sawing wood, and has already made good on his anti-bribery bill in the House, and will force another fight in the Senate. It will be necessary, however, for him to gather considerable strength in the Upper House before he can hope for success in the second contest. He is now helpless in the Senate without almost the solid Republican vote, something that he cannot rely upon.

SMITH-IN PORTUGUESE

A German resident in Portugal, whose patronymic is Schmitz, or our famous English Smjth, has been writing home to Cologne complaining of the spelling of his name adopted by various Portuguese correspondents. Here are a few of them: Smhytis, Scimithz, Xemite, Chemitz, and Schemeth.—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

Oranges are disappearing from New York breakfast tables and are rarely seen in restaurants. The old-fashioned way of eating the fruit was too slow for the present generation, and, in the opinion of this hygienic age, less wholesome than the present method. So orange juice served in cups is fast becoming a substitute for the fruit.

"A short time ago," says a school-teacher, "I was giving a lesson on the use of the hyphen. Having written a number of examples on the blackboard, the first of which was 'bird-cage,' I asked the boys to give a reason for putting the hyphen between 'bird' and 'cage.' After a short silence, one boy, who is among the dunces, held up his hand, and said: 'It is for the bird to perch on, sir.'"

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

THE PEOPLE'S U. S. BANK.

O'Neill, Neb., Feb. 19, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Is the People's United States Bank a duly authorized institution? What do you know about it? Resp'y,

TRAVELER.

[The People's United States Bank was incorporated November 14, 1904, and a charter granted the same day by Secretary of State Sam B. Cook. It organized under the general banking laws of the State as "a bank of deposit and discount." Its location is given in the articles of association as "at or near University Heights (at Winner Station), Mo." The capital stock is certified to be \$1,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares, all subscribed and one-half the par value thereof paid up in lawful money of the United States, and that the same is in the custody of the Board of Directors. In other words, \$500,000 has been paid up. Under the banking laws the remainder of this capital stock must be fully paid up within a year from the date of the bank's charter. There are five directors, all residents of St. Louis, as follows: Edward G. Lewis, Frank J. Cabot, Augustus P. Coakley, Eugene W. Thompson and Guy A. Arbogast. These directors are to serve the first year.

Of the stock of the concern Edward G. Lewis is credited with 9,915 shares, and the following with five shares each: August Schlafly, Theo. F. Meyer, Eugene W. Thompson, Guy A. Arbogast, B. B. Graham, F. J. Carlisle, P. J. Cabot, Pinckney French, N. Lee Travers, James P. Coyle, Geo. H. Augustine, Porter White, A. P. Coakley, all of St. Louis; A. L. Thomas, Chicago; Edward Dickinson, Kansas City; Geo. T. Edwards, Bridgeport, Conn.; H. L. Kramer, Kramer, Ind.

December 12, 1904, George B. Carstarpen, a bank examiner under Secretary Cook, examined the bank in question and reported its affairs to be all right and in accord with the requirements of law. The bank has not yet been called upon for a public statement of its affairs. Such calls are made general and apply to all banks alike. This is all that is not under suspicion of hot air, about the bank.—*ED. MIRROR.*

*

ALICE BLUE.

Catawissa, Mo., Feb. 19, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Will you tell me about this new material or shade of cloth or silk or whatever it is that Miss Alice Roosevelt is to wear at the inauguration?

WOMAN READER.

[It is the first fashion to come distinctly from the White House, though thousands of women were ecstatic over it at the World's Fair. It won't come out until after Mrs. Roosevelt appears in a gown thereof at her husband's inauguration next month. Miss Alice Roosevelt chose the material as particularly becoming to her mother, while visiting the Fair. It is a color of unusual body and warmth, a blue which is in a

The J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

Diamond and Gem Merchants, Gold and Silversmiths, Stationers and Dealers in

Artistic Merchandise.

... FOR ...

Brides and Bridesmaids

We call special attention to our large stock of rich gem jewelry in original designs for the fall and winter seasons.

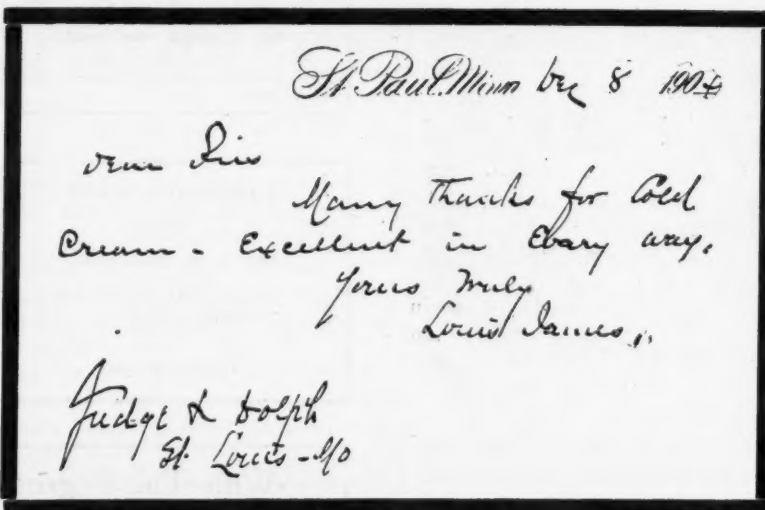
J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

Locust and Seventh Sts.

Louis James' Letter

To JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO., 515 Olive Street, Saint Louis.

From America's Eminent Tragedian,
LOUIS JAMES.



COLD CREAM—in jars—25c, 35c, 50c and \$1.00.

THE JUDGE & DOLPH
DRUG CO.

515 Olive Street. St. Louis.

The New Washington

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF.

Kingshighway and Washington Boulevard,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Accommodations for Transient or Permanent Guests. Rates No Higher Than Other First-Class Hotels. Strictly First-Class Service. Table D'Hote Dinners. Arrangements can be made for Banquets, Receptions, Weddings and Parties. Banquet and Reception Halls. Private Dining Parlors.

JOHN C. KNAPP, MANAGER.

FRAMED PICTURES FROM 25c UP
BEFORE BURNING YOUR MONEY, GET OUR PRICE ON ARTISTIC FRAMING.
HOME DECORATING CO., 315 FRISCO BUILDING.

class with the orange and rose-red shades of the past season. The color is to be combined with gold. Across the stuff at regular intervals is a flock of birds woven in gold thread. The birds were Mrs. Roosevelt's idea and the combination of the whole was finally evolved by Miss Alice. The largest of the birds, the leader of the flock, measures between wing tips about two inches. This is about all that a mere man can say of the fabric, but it will be a burden to the eye before long, as all the big stores are loaded up on it and that shade of color will be the rage.—ED. MIRROR.]

A NOVEL TO READ.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 24, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

I have to leave for New York next Saturday at noon. I will have a day and a half to read on the cars. I want you to tell me a good novel—not trash, not merely "popular" stuff.

MARGERY F.

Try "The Divine Fire," by May Sinclair (Henry Holt & Co., New York). It is a good story, written with more than usual literary skill, has a great deal of variety in character portraiture and some niceness of touch in delineation of widely different phases of life, has more humor than is usually looked for in a woman's writing, has a cockney "h" dropping poet for a hero and a fine English girl for heroine, with an unique "villain." This book is as good a novel as has appeared in five years, at least. And it is full of literary beauties and flavored with the aroma of the higher Bohemia. The story develops a soul from an embryo, and does it with rich, if deliberate and leisurely artistry.

KINDERGARTEN SUPERVISORS.

February 24th, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

This so-called merit-system has been introduced into our kindergartens. Having only one supervisor, how can it be accomplished without showing partiality? This supervisor, is supposed to judge the capability of two hundred kindergartners, by visiting the schools on an average of once a year. Don't you think those working in the more popular schools, who are in the swim will be judged more favorably? I personally know a number of kindergartners who feel just as my daughter does. They feel that it is utterly impossible for the supervisor to do justice to all. Could you possibly take sufficient interest in this cause to agitate it so as to give them a hearing?

By doing so you will oblige,

A MOTHER.

WOMEN FAVOR THE CANTEEN

Mrs. J. C. Kelton, widow of Adjutant General Kelton, on behalf of the Women's Army and Navy League, Thursday, January 19th, presented to the Committees on Military Affairs of the House and Senate a petition, signed by several hundred members of that organization, urging the repeal of the

law abolishing the army canteen. Mrs. Kelton also presented arguments in favor of reestablishing so much of the canteen as will permit the sale of beer at army posts.

The ladies of the league, she said, were mostly the wives of army and navy officers who were engaged in the work of furnishing amusement for the enlisted men and in assisting their families. They were, therefore, in a posi-

tion to see the ill effects of prohibiting the sale of beer to the men. This was shown by the increased number of desertions and court-martials after the anti-canteen law went into effect.

After she had finished her argument before the House committee Mrs. Kelton was informed by Chairman Hull that while the committee was in full sympathy with the movement to repeal the law, believing it worked to the detri-

ment of the soldier, yet there was no prospect that the bill would pass at the present session. He thought, however, it would be passed at the next session.

An Oklahoma man has discovered that there were department stores in ancient Hebrew days. He quotes the fourteenth verse in the fourteenth chapter of Job: "All my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."—Ex.

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AT THE PLAY

"The Other Girl."

"The Other Girl," at the Olympic this week, is a real comedy. Gus Thomas is at his best in the lines and situations. The dramatist's art conceals the inherent improbabilities in the story. The fun is healthy and hearty, and the wonderful thing about it all is how even the "pug" is touched with the dramatist's native and natural refinement.

Lionel Barrymore is an actor worthy of the patronymic. He has the manner that we remember of poor Maurice, the style and tone we find in Ethel, and coarsen himself he cannot, for just that necessary note of excess is imparted to his role to lift it out of a realism which, conceivably, might be offensive. While he is a puglist, Mr. Barrymore always suggests the gentleman in the background. One actually sympathizes with the bruiser, as against the distressfully misfortunate and mistaken clergyman.

Adelaide Prince discloses herself as a charmingly fresh and unaffected actress, with the art which is art's concealment. Ida Greeley Smith, in a small part, looms large by excellence.

Wallace Eddinger, Richard Bennett, Francis Byrne and William H. Tooker are well cast and act as if they really loved their work. The cast has a fine quality of intelligent appreciation of the spirit of the author and "The Other Girl" is one production in which the playwright and the actors have hit it off in the happiest harmony.

A delicious play delectably acted.

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season's here, and the entertainment is appropriate to the season.

"Girls Will Be Girls" is the name of the play—God help us!

San Toy.

"San Toy," the big oriental show-piece produced by John C. Fisher, the man who gave us "Florodora" and the "Silver Slipper," has already proven its merit at the new Garrick, and yet has a week to stay. It is being produced with an intelligent effort at oriental "atmosphere." In scenery and costumes, in music, action, dialogue and every detail the performance tends to lift the spectator out of his conventional surroundings and carry him to far Cathay. The company is a good one. James T. Powers and George K. Fortescue fill the comedy parts, *Li* and *Emperor Yen Yow*, to perfection. There is freshness in their work, a pleasing absence of that hackneyed interpretation which grows upon actors from long impersonation of or familiarity with characters. And as neither has been seen here in years, their acting is highly appreciated by the audiences. But Messrs. Powers and Fortescue are not the only talent in the company. There is a score or more of clever actors and actresses. Among them are John Peachy, Fred W. Huntly, Charles Arling, Margaret McKinney, Florence F. Smith and Helen Willis. A large, tuneful and sonorous orchestra adds to and builds up the tonal section of the work, which relies unflinchingly for its attributes of diversion on all its component parts, while affording individuality to every member of the company. Much praise can safely be given the chorus, which is nimble in action, handsome in costume and tuneful in song. To those of its members entrusted with

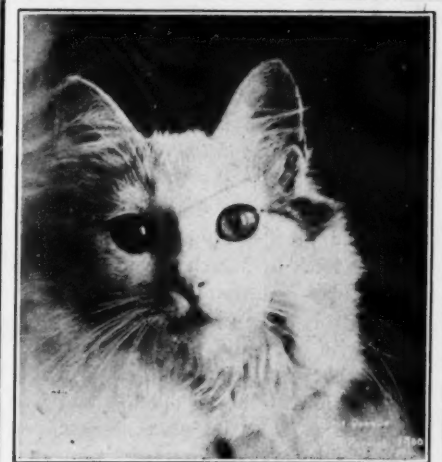
speaking parts the credit must be given of having long ago set aside the amateurishness usually found in these cases, all of which contributes to the finish of the work and the delight of the listener. In a word, the "San Toy" performance has the quality of prosperity and fitness. The principal entertainers, the ensemble, the scenery—all the outward and visible signs of "San Toy"—create the impression of completeness, and with it comes the feeling of restfulness and enjoyment. The Garrick attraction started out with record-breaking attendance and monetary results, and bids fair to make a new mark in the history of the support accorded to international show-pieces in this community.

Bryant's Extravaganza.

Bryant's Extravaganza Company is furnishing entertainment in variety at the Standard. Charley Boyle, in the burlesques, "Hotel Girly-Girly," and "Mr. Goodplayer" takes the house. The olio is extensive and spectacular. Erne and Honnegger, the "monopedists," Arlington and Delmore, in a musical sketch, "My Husband;" Coats and Grundy, negroes, in "Original Watermelon Trust;" Collins and Vack, Dutch character jesters, and Berry and Berry, musicians, are among the principal features.

The Cohans' Successors.

"Running for Office," that ever popular comedy, in which the Cohan's were so successful, is at the Grand this week, with "Bobby" Harrington, Thomas J. Grady, Florence J. Little and Hazel Lowry, impersonating the characters formerly taken by the Cohans. And the new quartette are clever entertainers, not, perhaps, up to the notch



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made by their predecessors in the piece, but holding fully as firm a grip on the audiences. "Bobby" Harrington is, perhaps, the leader, but he is closely pressed by Grady, Florence Little and Hazel Lowry. Harrington's comedy is

just a trifle less active and playful than George Cohan's, but it is undeniably good. The singing is of exceptionally good quality, as good, if not better, than that of the Cohans. The hits are numerous. Mr. Harrington and the "pony" chorus effectively render "Kid Days," and Miss Lowry and Harrington's "Flirtation on the Beach" is equally as good. Other songs well received and rendered are: "If I Were Only Mr. Morgan," Sweet Popularity" and "In a One Night Stand."

Dangers of Working Girls.

"Dangers of Working Girls," as a title, is not suggestive of much entertainment, but the melodrama at the Imperial is both unique and interesting. There are several odd characters capably impersonated, oodles of fun, and plenty of melodramatics. The villain in the piece might be a composite of all the noted villains of melodrama. He is Doctor Salsya, a Hindoo miracle worker, and mystic, who practices his cult to the confusion of his enemies and everyone. Then there is Handsome Charley, his "subject," who is capable of any crime while under "Doc's" influence. An Irish strong woman and a Hebrew "fly" thief offset the serious parts of the piece. Clever members of the company are: Harry Fields, who does a comedy part; Lawrence Underwood, Miss Alma Powell and Miss Margia Lytton.

Coming Attractions.

"Parsifal," for the first, and more than likely for the last time, will be presented at the Olympic theater during the week of March 6, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The performance is to be given in strict accordance with most of the Bayreuth customs, the most important of which is the division of the production into two sections. Accordingly the performances will be as follows: Evenings—first act, 5:30; dinner intermission from 7:15 to 8:30; carriages at 10:45. Matinee—first act at 11 a. m.; luncheon intermission from 12:45 to 1:45; carriages at 4 p. m.

Among the members of the company in the principal roles are two well-known artists who have sung to St. Louis audiences, Mme. Kirby Lunn, formerly of the Covent Garden Company, London, and Homer Lind. The other principals are: Mme. Hanna Mara, formerly leading soprano at Breslau; Miss Florence Wickham, late of Wiesbaden and Munich; Alois Penarini, formerly principal tenor at Hamburg; Francis MacLennan, formerly of the Moody-Manners Company of London; Christian De Voss, principal tenor

from Amsterdam; Putnam Griswold, from Frankfort-on-the-Main; Johannes Bischoff, of Cologne; Franz Egenieff, of Berlin; Ottley Cranston, of London; J. Parker Coombs and Robert Kent Parker, who were engaged in this country, as well as the solo flower maidens, the Misses Pearl Guzman, Celeste Wynne, Charlotte George, Harriet Cropper and Lillian Mattice.

"San Toy" will run another week at the new Garrick and the management of both show and playhouse expect another good week's business. James T. Powers and the other talented members of the big company are quite popular with the Garrick patrons.

"Down the Pike," the piece in which the Rays have been making quite a hit, will be the bill at the Grand next week. The Rays are well known to the local theater-goers and they have always been regarded as clever entertainers. The piece they are now presenting was written expressly for them.

The familiar "Yon Yonson" will be seen at the Imperial next week. This play has always been popular with a certain large class of theater-goers and despite its return each season draws well. A good producing company is promised.

Coming to the Standard next week, commencing Sunday afternoon, is the "Bowery Burlesquers." The company is producing a couple of laughable farces and good specialties galore.

The Cohans in the new musical show-piece, "Little Johnny Jones," which has been highly touted, will be the Century attraction next week, commencing Sunday night. George Cohan is said to be funnier than ever in this new vehicle, and in fact J. J. Cohan, Helen Cohan and Ethel Levey are all said to have moved up in histrionic fame. The piece is said to be marked by some rich original music and lyrics.

"Richelieu" by St. L. U.

The Odeon has been chartered for a performance of Bulwer-Lytton's "Richelieu," on next Monday night, by a company representing the Undergraduate Department of St. Louis University. On looking over one of the elaborately designed programmes, it is noted that Julie de Mortemar, the Cardinal's ward and the heroine of the play, is not mentioned among the persons of the drama, whereas Marion de Lorme, the mistress of the Duke of Orleans, is retained. It appears that, in the conduct of theatricals by Jesuit instructors, if local custom warrants the portrayal of female characters by young men, such impersonations are hazarded; but, when there is no precedent of this kind, the director foregoes the effort of training callow students in holding the mirror of womanhood up to nature; for he rightly considers it precarious to the success of the play, and ungallant to the audience, to have a masculine Collegian attempt the bodying forth of womanly excellence. This gallantry


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narrows the choice of plays at the University to those in which the female characters are not integral to the plot, and hence can be easily eliminated; or, if they are necessary to complete the love-interest of the original story, new lines are added to those of one or more of the principals explanatory of the influence of the discarded character. The main action in "Richelieu" concerns the cabal formed against the Cardinal by the Duke of Orleans and the extinction of the conspirators by this redoubtable Minister of Louis XIII., and, if the absence of *Julie* be accounted for by a neat make-shift, there is no reason to fear that the merit of the play is dwarfed by this method of revamping. The young players are naturally very sanguine of the full measure of success that is expected from amateur work, and, to secure the confidence of the management, they rehearsed last Thursday morning before the President of the University. The verdict declared that the efforts of the players were altogether praiseworthy, and that they can assure themselves of giving a smooth and pleasurable performance on Shrove-Monday.

From its social side, this production of "Richelieu" will be an event of distinguished interest. Up to date, boxes have been engaged by Mesdames James Campbell, Jane Lindsay, M. McEvoy, M. A. McMenamy, Charles Bland Smith; Messrs. Paul Bakewell, Hon. Shepard Barclay, Howard Benoist, Adolphus Busch, Alonzo C. Church, Edward A. Downey, Simon J. Harbaugh, Francis D. Hirschberg, Richard C. Kerens, F. C. B. Lucas, Daniel C. Nugent, Theophile Papin, William H. Swift, Festus J. Wade and George W. Wilson. His Grace, Archbishop Glennon, will be present.

The cast of characters is:

Louis XIII., King of France,
L. Curtis Tiernan
Gaston, Duke of Orleans,
Ralph W. Kinsella
Baradas, the king's favorite,
G. Prather Knapp
Cardinal Richelieu,
William J. Lafferty
The Chevalier de Mauprat,
Joseph J. Reilly
The Sieur de Berlinghen,
Francis R. Lafferty
Marion de Lorme,
Charles M. Sandoval
Clermont Louis F. Desloge
Joseph, Richelieu's confidant,
Alphonse J. Raemdonck
Francois Christopher W. Eckert
Huguet, a spy Mark S. Gross
Secretaries of State,
John J. Keefe, Marcel J. Desloge,
John C. Tobin
Governor of the Bastille,
William Edler
Jailer Sidney H. Collins
Pages to Richelieu,
Auguste Chouteau, Norbert W. Hunicke
Pages to Louis XIII.,
John J. Farrelly, Morgan Nugent

The New Jekyll and Hyde.

Mr. Oscar Dane is the "author, manager, producer," and principal actor in the new version of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," on view at the Crawford theater this week, and if his constitution belies his rather fragile physique, he may stand the strain. Be-

side this blood-curdling concoction, the hitherto harrowing version used frequently by Mr. Mansfield as a Saturday night thriller, is dramatic baby-food.

The genre of entertainment at the Crawford is very definite, and Mr. Dane having demonstrated his adaptability by writing a topical melodrama—"The Desperate Lord Barrington," to-wit—has, with the Stevenson story as basis, made a typical popular-priced-house-success. The one thing that militates against its acceptance by the Crawford's clientele is the unhappy ending, but if in the cause of art Mr. Dane was betrayed into a moment of Ibsenish pessimism unpalatable to his audience, he made up for blessings and bridal buds with curses and gore, and a death scene of diabolical ingenuity. The author-actor accentuated the horrors of the monstrous *Mr. Hyde*, and instead of the fleeting glimpses of the creature afforded by the comparatively bloodless version with which we are familiar, this frightful object cavorts about brazenly in the glare of the "spot-light" to the untrammelled delight of the spectators.

However, Mr. Dane, evidently feeling the necessity of the comedy element as a relief from accumulated horrors, introduced a comic German maid-servant with a dialect, a comic Irish policeman with a brogue, a comic French detective, who furnished a variety of dialects, and other devices as sops for the yawning jaws of his patrons.

The acting, generally, was consistent with the play. Mr. Dane undoubtedly possesses talent, and is evidently no untrained. In his moments of gentleness and dignity as *Dr. Jekyll*, he revealed a pleasing personality, a plastic voice agreeably modulated, and much polish of style.

Miss Una Lillian Ellsworth is an extremely handsome leading lady with a voluptuous form and a superior scream—quite the finest scream heard from even the Crawford stage, in many a day—which was exploited with astonishing liberality throughout the play. Although the house-bill proclaimed this lady a maiden, a hint of delightful, *Crummelsian* domesticity, in private life, was given by the fact that she, in company with a player billed as Mr. Harry Ellsworth, was stationed in the "first entrance" between acts, and from this coign watched with fond parental pleasure the vocal and saltatorial efforts of two "infant phenomenons," who, according to the program, were "the celebrated Ellsworth children."

Miss Bonnie May evidenced versatility by appearing first as a comely German maid, and later as a gruesome, but only momentary hag.

Mr. George Robinson, slain in act first as the Reverend Abbott Holland, bobbed up gaily as Officer Dolan in act second. Mr. Robert Barrett when worsted in his wrestle with dialects as *Cliquette* fitfully appeared as *Dr. Lan- yon*.

A frank and friendly audience, inclined to much audible comment, was greatly pleased with play and players, on Sunday.

ARTISTIC

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MUSIC

Choral Symphony Concert.

The Choral Symphony Society put its best foot forward at the concert Monday night. The orchestra played splendidly, the chorus sang with spirit, and—Fritz Kreisler was the soloist.

The great violinist's program embraced the Beethoven Concerto in D-major, and a varied group of solos. The performance of the concerto was the most admirable violin playing that has been heard in the Odeon since Kreisler last appeared here. He is first a musician and then a virtuoso, and his work never gives a hint of any but a serious desire to interpret perfectly a composer's intention.

The Beethoven work was played with splendid appreciation, in purely classical style, and Kreisler's conception was consistent throughout. The tremendous interpolated cadenzas, composed by himself, were in keeping with the spirit of this masterpiece, and were in themselves convincing testimony of this artist's good taste. Anything lovelier than his playing of the slow movement can hardly be imagined. Surely no violin bow has coaxed forth tones more sweet, more pure and more immaculate as to pitch.

The shrinkage in the chorus was even more noticeable than at "The Messiah;" there were only a few men, but this remnant of a fine organization tried hard to make amends for lack of numbers by exceptionally good singing.

The orchestra made conscientious endeavor to be worthy of so distinguished a soloist.

Mr. Ernst deserves credit for choral



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and orchestral work, and especially for the fine accompaniment in the concerto.

The program was long, and rather too sharp in contrasts—the "old Welsh" chorus jarred, coming as it did, immediately after the Beethoven number.

✱

The Kroeger Recitals.

Mr. Kroeger submitted a beautiful program to his auditory at the second of his series of weekly recitals, given at the Odeon on Sunday.

The interesting group of his own compositions proved most attractive, and evoked enthusiastic applause.

✱

Ottokar Malek.

Judging from press reports, here is a pianist who, unlike the prophet, is not without honor in his own country. The journals of Bohemia teem with ardent praise of the young Budweisser, and if Bohemian critics count for anything, a treat is in store for lovers of piano forte playing at Y. M. C. A. Hall on March 7.

PIERRE MARTEAU.

✱

RECITAL AT CONRATH'S.

Students of Conrath's Conservatory of Music participated in a pupils' recital on Tuesday evening, under the personal direction of Prof. Louis Conrath. The program was as follows:

Piano—Duet, "March".....Jones

Miss Freda Fischer and Mr. Wm.

Elbrecht.

"At Eve".....Richards

Miss Genevieve Walters.

"Bohemian Girl".....Balfe

Miss Constance Kempff.

"Dornroeschen".....Bendel

Miss Rosie Goldman.

Vocal—"Biondina".....Loehr

Miss Inez L. Felch.

Piano—"March".....Paul

Miss Birdie Landau.

"FaFust".....Gounod

Miss Elsie Cramer.

"Valse".....Moszkowski

Miss Lydia Kaltwasser.

Cornet—"Flower Song".....Lange

Master Alvin Queller.

Piano—Duet, "Trovatore".....Verdi

Mr. John Heintz and Mr. Wm.

Kaltwasser.

"Ballade," G minor.....Chopin

Miss Bessie Brey.

"Polonaise".....Paderewski

Miss Mamie Langefort.

Vocal—a. "Japanese Lullaby".....DeKoven

b. "You'd Better Ask Me".....Loehr

Miss Maud Anderson.

Piano—"Mazurka".....Godard

Miss Laura Trebus.

"Liebestraum".....Liszt

Miss Bessie Britt.

"Wiener Bonbons".....Rive-King

Miss Elenora Goldbach.

MAGAZINES

The Theater for March is out on time despite the destruction by fire of the publishers' plant and plates of the issue in New York on February 13 last. Duplicates of the plates were secured, however, and the work of getting out the magazine on time was commenced the day after the accident. The cover for March contains a portrait in colors of Dustin Farnum as *The Virginian*.

✱

The Reader for March contains a

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variety of fresh and readable contributions. There are five short stories and six poems on as many different topics. Besides, there is the Caleb Powers story of the Goebel case; "The Newspaper and the Free Pass," by James S. Metcalfe, the now famous dramatic critic of New York Life; "A Forgotten Army," a story of the soldiers' home at Dayton, O., by Henry M. Hyde; Joseph Conrad's sea story "Up Anchor;" Octave Thanet's serial, "The Man of the Hour," and studies of Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman, editorial comment and book news. The number also contains many excellent illustrations, the feature of which are the drawings in tint by Maxfield Parrish.

The International Studio for March is an ideal number for the artist, art student and art lover. Its contents will interest all of them. Besides many handsome illustrations accompanying the various special articles and communications from all the art centers of the world, there are six beautiful supplements in colors, the work of Montagu Smythe, W. Monk, Otto Fischer, Mrs. Watson Schutze, Miss Harwood and Harold Speed. Among the interesting articles are "Art Student Life in Munich," by L. Van der Veer; "German Paintings and Sculpture at the St. Louis Exposition," by Maude I. G. Oliver; "The Work of Otto Fischer," by Prof. Hans W. Singer; "Notable Decorative Achievement by W. Reynolds-Stephens," by A. L. Baldry, and "Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition," by Charles H. Caffin. The usual correspondence from all the European art centers, together with notes on the crafts and industrial arts, book reviews, current art events, etc., make the issue a most satisfactory one.

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THE STOCK MARKET

The course of Wall street values in the past week was more irregular and feverish than it had been at any time since January 1st. There seemed to be extensive liquidation in some prominent quarters, particularly in Union Pacific common, Reading common, St. Paul, Amalgamated Copper and United States Steel shares. The buying power was, however, sufficient in volume to prevent anything like a sharp decline. The manipulators made it a point to prevent a spread of disquietude among outsiders by skillful manœuvring in certain suspicious-looking specialties, particularly Tennessee Coal and Iron, which rose to almost 100, on exceedingly large transactions. The boom in this issue was held to be due to reports that the Southern iron and steel plants would be taken into one fold, with a capitalization of \$100,000,000 at the least. The movements in Tennessee Coal and Iron were characteristic of this stock, and not at all surprising to old-timers in Wall street affairs.

Some few years ago, this Southern iron stock went as high as 125 on the boldest and most disreputable piece of manipulation and stock jobbing witnessed in the purlieus of the stock exchange for ever so many years. At that time, the company was under a management that practically went to the limit in unsavory financiering and trickish speculation in its own shares. Having become aware of the existence of an extensive "short" interest in the stock, the directors calmly decided to declare dividends on the common at the rate of eight per cent per annum. The dividend was paid for about a year, and then suddenly ordered stopped without any further explanation beyond the bare and bald statement that earnings did not justify a continuation of surplus distribution. Wall street cynics smiled a knowing smile. They knew what was up. The "short" interest had been squeezed and whip-sawed until it was perfectly helpless in the hands of inside stock-jobbers. The stock had risen about seventy points. The bears were caught in the trap. They had to compromise at enormous losses to themselves. With the elimination of the "shorts," there was no further justification for the paying out of unearned dividends. A few weeks after,

the stock dropped abruptly to 80 and less.

It is said that the Tennessee Coal and Iron is under better, more conservative management at the present time. That may be. It is to be hoped that such is the case. The company's shares have ever been the football of unscrupulous, dishonest manipulators. Any number of fortunes have been lost in them by unlucky, foolhardy gamblers. That the concern is to be taken in by the Southern combine will cause no surprise. In fact, there could be no combine in that section of the country without the Tennessee Coal and Iron being a member of it. The properties owned by the company are very valuable and should, in the course of time, be still more so, notwithstanding the fact that the iron ore used by it is of inferior quality. However, it is questionable to a degree whether the stock is worth anything like its present prices, even if bought in anticipation of a consolidation of all the steel manufacturing plants in the South. If the deal is put through, it will give us another enormously over-capitalized concern. So much is certain.

Some of the movements in present day Wall street speculation are exceedingly suspicious. They are not calculated to inspire confidence among the thinking classes of outsiders. When stocks of the Tennessee Coal & Iron class are, and can be, put up in a mode utterly silly and extravagant, the tricksters and ringsters must be nearing the end of their rope. Pyrotechnic performances of this kind presage trouble. Indeed, there's reason to consider this incident the first strong symptom of an approaching reaction. From now on, stock market operations should be conducted only on a small scale and with much more than ordinary caution. The warning has been given.

Union Pacific is still on the up-grade. Transactions, latterly, have been on an enormous scale in this particular issue. There can be no question whatever but that a concerted effort is making to put this issue still higher. The syndicate in Wall street, in charge of the movements of the shares, is working overtime. It sees to it that the papers in all the large cities are kept well supplied with items dwelling upon the marvelous future of the Union Pacific, its magnificent earning capacity, its boundless

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hidden assets, the splendid equities it possesses in the Hill system in the Northwest, and all that sort of thing. Of course, no one doubts the intrinsic value of the securities of this company. It was about a year ago, when Union Pacific was still selling at about 78, that the prediction was made in these columns that the stock would sell again at 125 before the lapse of a great while. Among well informed people, the future of Union Pacific shares was well recognized ever since the organization of the Northern Securities Company. There is, therefore, no reason for anybody to fly off his mental hinges at this late date over the extravagant stuff they are regaling the public with nowadays in regard to the value of this particular stock.

The movement in New York Central need surprise no one. It was bound to come. The way the stock bounded upward clearly revealed the fact that it had been accumulated for just such a movement for months past. The reports that are being circulated to account for the rise need not be taken too seriously. They are merely incidental, though some of them may be founded on cold facts. Pennsylvania has likewise started on the upgrade. It gained about five points in the past week. All this was in the natural course of things speculative. No surprise is in order.

Wall street is worrying somewhat over the Equitable Life incident. The disclosure of friction among the magnates is not relished. The matter will no doubt come up again, and in a decidedly more serious and perturbable form. The latest news is that the disgruntled holders of Equitable Life stock are determined to renew the fight. The revelation that the *haute finance* is engaged in juggling millions of dollars



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of insurance funds in connection with stock market operations must, in the not distant future, lead to State or National legislation that will hardly be to the liking of the Hydes and the Harrimans, et al.

The money market is slightly hardening, in spite of the weakness in sterling rates. This would seem to indicate that the money supply is not as ample and elastic as speculative leaders have been disposed to think it was all along. The flow of currency from the interior centers is slackening. This

is but natural, in view of the marked and still growing activity in the various branches of industry. Bank clearances continue heavy throughout the country. Railroad earnings are also, taken as a whole, very satisfactory, although note must be taken of the shrinkages in the revenues of a few Western lines, among which the Missouri Pacific figures conspicuously. For the month of January the average gain of earnings was rather small, compared with the same month a year ago. This was the result, no doubt, of very unfavorable weather conditions.

As above mentioned, the stock market has entered a dangerous phase. Transactions and methods are such as to suggest the approach of the culmination of the boom. Insiders and cliques are unloading, and the public is buying, and buying ad lib. The upward movement will wind up with a whoop and a hurrah, as usual. It may last two or three weeks longer, however. There are yet some stocks that are awaiting the manipulator's dextrous hand to be jack-screwed up from ten to twenty points.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The local market was strong and active in the past week. There was considerable disposition on the part of the public to purchase the high-priced bank and trust company issues. National Bank of Commerce proved one of the most prominent features. It rose to 327 on fairly large transactions, subsequently receding again to 325½. There are signs that the old bull clique is once more at work in this stock. Hints are making that the price will be raised to above 400 again. There are people in this burg who will not be sorry if the clique "makes good." They have been holding the bag for two years. Third National was pushed up to 327; this price is now asked for it. The stock is in small supply, except at rising quotations. Commonwealth was another active issue, advancing to 323

on comparatively light sales. At this writing, the stock is quoted at 321 bid, 321½ asked. For Mercantile 380 is bid. For Mechanics' National 28½ is bid, 28¼ asked. The last named issue is considered a good purchase for much higher prices. Missouri-Lincoln is somewhat lower; the last sale was made at 137¾. For St. Louis Union 357½ is bid, 360 asked. Boatmen's is offering, in limited amounts, at 257. It is considered good for 300. There's no denying the fact that sentiment on nearly all local bank and trust company issues is distinctly bullish. Under prevailing conditions, it is useless to point out that some of these shares are already on a pretty high level, considering the dividends they pay. Mississippi Valley has risen to 385, at which the last sale was made.

United Railways preferred is selling at from 77¾ to 77½. Neither this, nor the common stock, was at all active latterly. The 4 per cent bonds are quoted at 88½ bid, 88¾ asked. For Brown Bros.' subscriptions 114½ is bid, 115 asked. Nothing further has developed in regard to the recently rumored absorption of the local street railway system by the North American.

There's some demand for Kansas City Home Telephone 5s at about 96½. East St. Louis & Suburban 5s are going at 103½. St. Louis & Suburban 5s are quoted at 105½ bid.

American Central Insurance shares sold at 252½ and 253 a few days ago. For Central Coal & Coke common 64¾ is bid, 64¾ asked. Brokers report quite a little inquiry for this stock.

Local banks report little activity in their loan departments. Interest rates remain unchanged, with extremes at 3½ to 5½ per cent. Clearances continue large. Sterling is lower, being quoted at \$4.87¼. Drafts on New York are slightly weaker, being quoted at a premium of 40 bid, 45 asked.

♦ ♦ ♦

ROCKEFELLERS' WEALTH

A Wall Street banker, who is said to be "the head of one of the largest financial institutions" of New York, is credited with the statement that the fortune of John D. Rockefeller will in a few years amount to one thousand million dollars. There are many estimates of Mr. Rockefeller's wealth, estimates ranging all the way from \$400,000,000 to \$600,000,000, but the Wall Street authority adds that all estimates of the Rockefeller fortune have been too low. Years ago, Mr. Gladstone was one of the guests at a dinner in England where the oldest member of the Vanderbilt family was also present. Somebody whispered to the English premier that the rich American had \$100,000,000, and Mr. Gladstone commented, after looking curiously at Mr. Vanderbilt: "Then I should say that he constitutes a peril to the American republic." What Mr. Gladstone would have said of a Rockefeller may be imagined.

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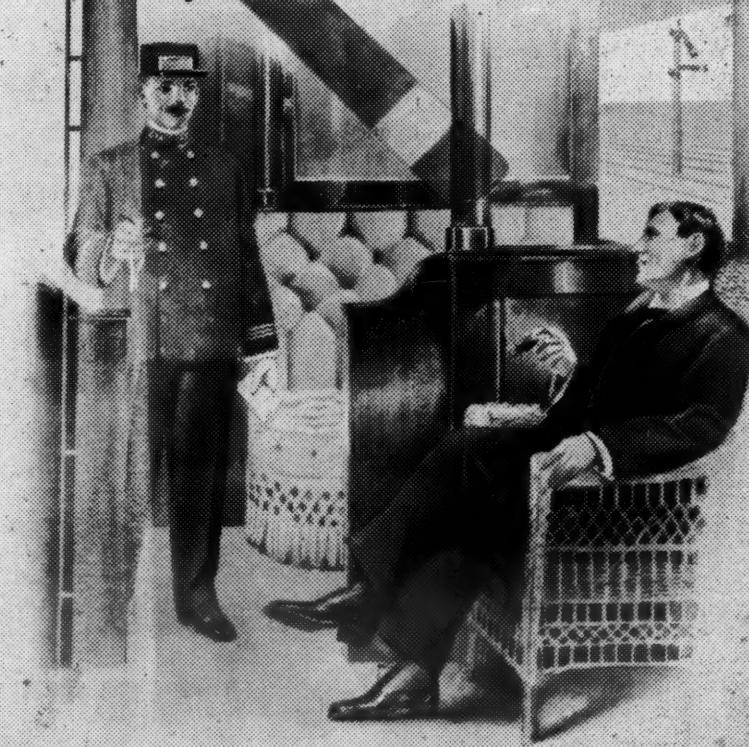
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TEMPTATION AND THE MAID

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

In the reflective largeness
Of evening's yellow shore,
Her room all swept and garnished,
There sat one by her door.

An ancient house her neighbor
Stood like some wreck of flame,
With sunken, sightless windows,
Close-shuttered in their shame.

Far in the distance hovered,
Hung in the purple night,
Mysterious, faint and starry,
The City of Delight.

Down the long road of evening,
The ribbon-lying road,
There came a stranger singing
Unto the maid's abode.

Her voice was like the wailing
Of some weird violin;
Her raiment was like sunset
And swathed her to the chin.

She paused upon the portal,
Spake to that lonely one:
"How chill it is and empty
At setting of the sun!"

The lonely one made answer:
"The land is very still
And all night in my chamber
I hear the whippoorwill.

"In this dull house beside me
There seems but little stir,
And yet it hath a tenant—
Oh, the wan look of her!

"But yonder in that City;
All night the street-lamps glow,
And underneath their splendor
The people come and go.

"Here in this quiet country
My neighbors are but few,
And they go forth and leave me,
Go forth by two and two.

"Sometimes to sound of weeping
They close and lock the door;
More oft with bugling laughter,
And they return no more.

"Always there comes the stranger
Whose face I cannot see,
And down the dwindling distance
They pass in mystery.

"I, too, await a stranger,
Blowing on flute or fife,
To burst upon my quiet
And call me out of life."

Glittered the starry City,
Trembled the twilight land,
Whereat a touch like silver
Fell on the maiden's hand.

"I am the one awaited;
I come to summon thee
To life and love and knowledge,
A passionate trinity."

The lonely one made answer:
"Thy face is clothed with dusk,
Thy garments smell of burning,
Thy hair of wine and musk.

"Lean down unto me closer
And speak me low thy name."
The stranger leaned yet closer
Her sleepless eyes of flame.

"Yea, I will lead thee quickly
Unto thy soul's desire.
Thy head shall be anointed,
Thy feet be shod with fire.

"Even so they went aforetime
Who vanished from thy view,
And all within that City
Walk thus by two and two."

The lonely one made answer:
"When I have tired of thee,
Still must thou follow after,
A dogging Memory!"

But hark! upon its hinges
A rusty door makes moan.
In the tall weedy garden
The neighbor walked alone.

She leaned across the twilight
Upon the shattered gate.
Her hair was gray like thistles,
Her voice—how desolate!

"Maiden, her name is Darkness,
And long are her demands.
Her touch hath been upon thee—
Go in and wash thy hands.

"A life ago I listed
The siren voice of her
Whose garments smelled of burning,
Whose hair of wine and myrrh.

"My feet were worn with walking,
She would not let me rest,
And her two eyes unsleeping
Burned holes into my breast.

"I came back to my dwelling,
The dust was on the floor;
And still her shadow sits and sits
Moveless within my door.

"Maiden, her name is Darkness,
And long are her demands.
Her touch hath been upon thee—
Go in and wash thy hands."

—From the March Smart Set.

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There is in Philadelphia a young architect who, though entitled by birth and breeding to enter the sacred precincts of Quaker City society, has always affected a supreme indifference to social distinction, even going so far as to evince a disinclination to observe the conventionalities.

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"We will," suggested the young man, "do without some of the ridiculous fuss-and-feather business of marriage; we will go away somewhere by ourselves, my dear; there will be no flourish, no cards, no ceremony—

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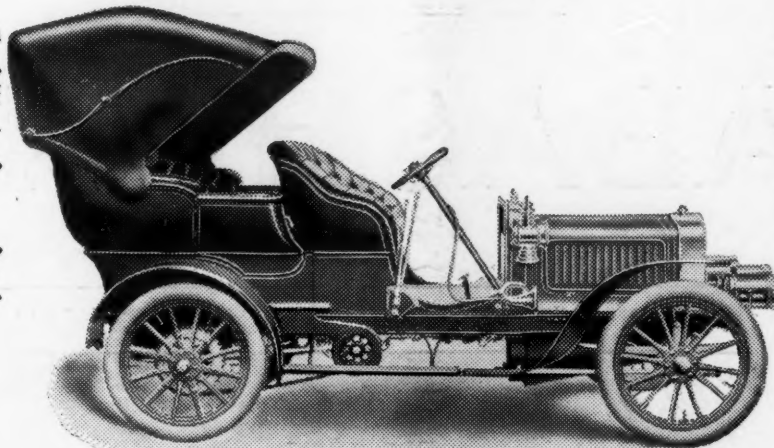
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Are the Pope-Toledo, the Panhard, the Mercedes, the Mors—in fact, every car of class and high power, in this country and abroad, driven by the double chain system?

Because the double chain drive permits a solid, one-piece, immovable rear axle, instead of a broken or split rear axle, composed of some hundred odd parts, as with the shaft drive.

Because the chain drive, in test, shows greatest economy.



30 h. p., 4 cyl., Pope-Toledo.

Because it allows the differential to be placed where it belongs, and not on the rear axle.

Because on rough, uneven surfaces the chains can be thrown out of alignment without harm resulting.

We are the oldest established dealers in St. Louis, and one of the oldest in the United States. We handle automobiles of only the highest reputation and proven merit. We believe in water-cooled motors and sell no other kind, and we believe in power, **power, POWER.** You will find no car in our line that does not easily climb any hill on a traveled road in the vicinity of St. Louis on the high gear and at good speed, nor will you find in our line a car whose sole recommendation is the price at which it is sold.

We were forced to accept in 1904 fourteen cancellations of orders for 24 H. P. **Pope-Toledos** and sixty odd orders for **Oldsmobile** runabouts and touring cars because of the inability of the factories to deliver the cars, the supply of *high class* automobiles not equalling the demand. Although we have ordered every car that our three factories will agree to deliver on specified dates, *we would advise purchasers to make their investigations early. A car ordered now will be delivered when you want it.*

A telephone message to Lindell 1076 or Delmar 2052, or a postal card will bring a 1905 model demonstrating **Pope-Toledo, Oldsmobile, or Stevens-Duryea,** to your residence or place of business so that you may give same a road trial. *Catalogues of our line upon request.*

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